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No. 1,089



OCTOBER 11, 1890

THE GRAPHIC.

AN

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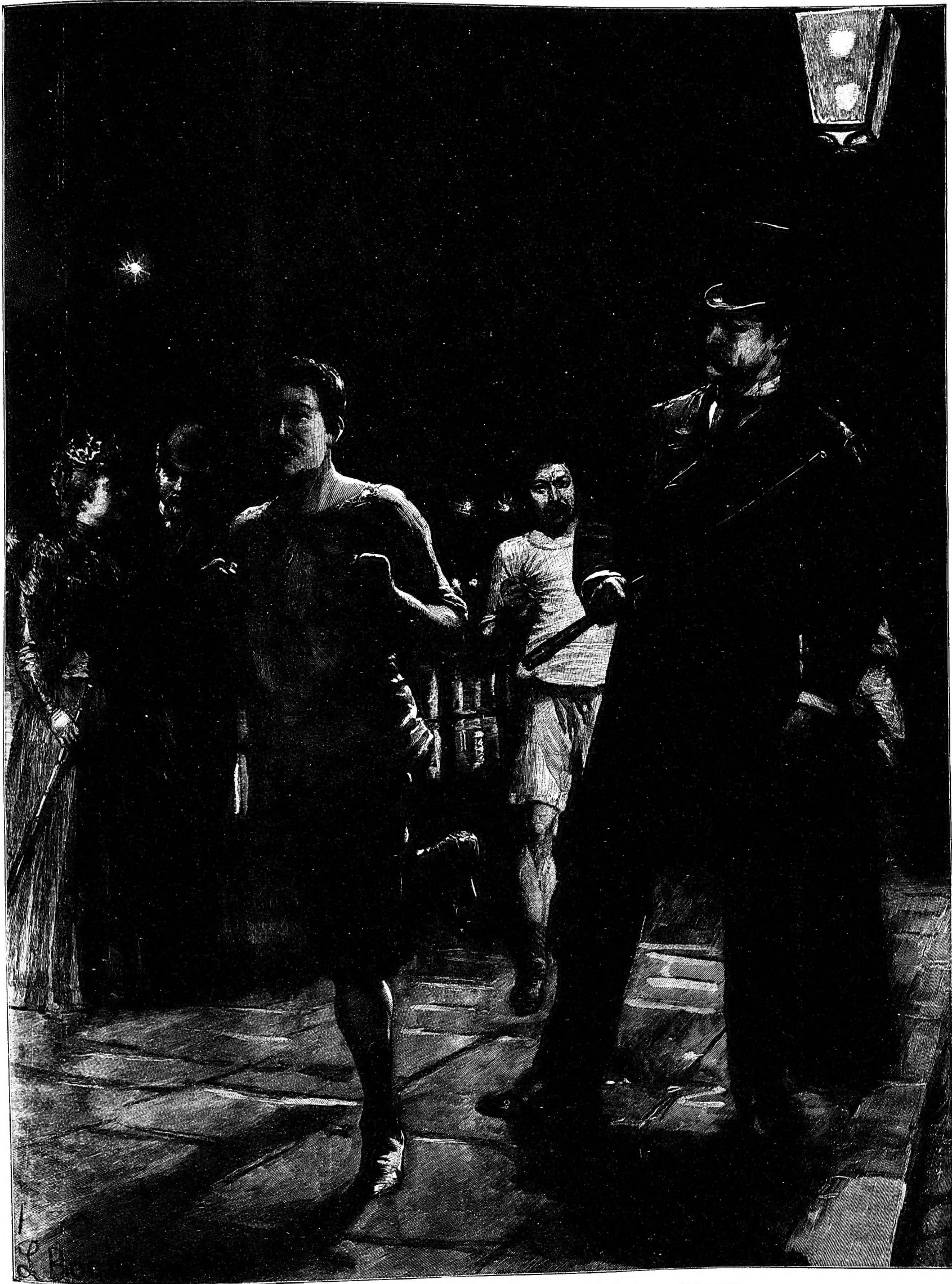
THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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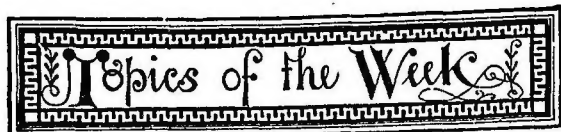
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1890

ENLARGED TO TWO SHEETS [PRICE NINEPENCE
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"HARE AND HOUNDS" IN THE STREETS OF LONDON
A SKETCH ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT

THE GRAPHIC



MR. PARNELL AND HIS COLLEAGUES.—The Nationalist leader did not think it worth while to attend the meeting of the Irish Parliamentary Party which he himself called together. He merely sent a telegram, expressing his good wishes. This was a thoroughly characteristic incident. The leaders of the other great parties in the United Kingdom never dream of showing disrespect to their followers in Parliament. They pay due attention at least to the recognised traditional forms of courtesy. About such matters, in his relations to the Home Rule Irish members, Mr. Parnell gives himself no trouble. He almost invariably acts as if he were a kind of Czar, taking such steps as may seem good to him, whether his proceedings are likely to have the approval of his colleagues or not. Yet there is no sign that his autocratic methods do the slightest injury to his influence. Members who offer a showy defiance to the Imperial Government are meek and tame in deference to Mr. Parnell. It is not to be supposed that they do not to some extent resent his cool disregard of their wishes. Irishmen are not generally insensible to the delight of being coaxed and flattered; and they would be very well pleased if Mr. Parnell would do them the honour of at any rate seeming to take their opinions into account. Their submission is due mainly to the fact that Mr. Parnell is the only man of commanding political ability whom the Home Rule movement has produced in Ireland. We hear much of Mr. Dillon, Mr. O'Brien, Mr. Sexton, and others; but not one of these orators is capable of taking a great place in the House of Commons. Even Mr. Justin M'Carthy is respected rather as a man of letters than as a politician. Mr. Parnell alone has qualities which enable him to hold his own with other Parliamentary chiefs. This—not his apparent liking for mysterious modes of action—is the real secret of his authority. It makes him indispensable for the continuance of the agitation, towards the details of which he displays so much contemptuous indifference.

POLYGAMY AND THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS.—If mundane news penetrates into that invisible world which is the abode of "the majority," the masterful spirit of Brigham Young must be shocked at the tame surrender of President Woodruff and the Mormon Conference at Salt Lake City. The Church of the Latter-Day Saints is now informed that by a special communication from the Almighty polygamy is no longer to be deemed expedient, and the Saints are advised to refrain from contracting any marriage forbidden by the laws of the land. *Autres temps, autres mœurs.* As the manifesto frankly says:—"It is useless for the Church to fight 60,000,000 people any longer." Having thrown overboard their most distinctive doctrine, the Mormons will probably in a generation or two become of little more account than many of the other eccentric religious sects which are scattered over the surface of the United States. When Captain Sutter more than forty years ago washed the first panful of alluvial gold deposit in California, he unconsciously rang the death-knell of Mormondom as a political power. But for the gold discoveries, a century might have elapsed before any great wave of immigration spread over the sandy plains of the West, and the settlers on Salt Lake might have grown into an independent nation. As it is, they have been swamped by the ever-increasing flood of Gentile immigrants. We must not forget their virtues. They have literally made the wilderness blossom like the rose, and they know how to manage the Red man, a feat in which the ordinary American fails deplorably. Their patient industry and decent behaviour contrasted very favourably with the rowdiness and brutality of many of the Gentile intruders into their domain. They were bitterly persecuted—not really because of their polygamy, though that was made an excuse—but because their theocratic principles were hateful to American democracy. It is not to be denied that they have, in the supposed interests of their Church, done some violent deeds in their time, such, for example, as the Mountain Meadow Massacre; nevertheless, Uncle Sam is well aware that he has opened his hospitable gates during the last thirty years to many less desirable visitors than the Latter Day Saints.

THE VALUE OF ZANZIBAR.—Has that shrewd bargainer, Lord Salisbury, been jockeyed by General von Caprivi in the matter of Zanzibar? At the time when the Anglo-German Agreement was made public, it appeared rather that England had made a very profitable exchange by swapping Heligoland for the Protectorate of the greatest trading rendezvous on the East Coast of Africa. Not a few Germans took and expressed that view, and were it not that the young Kaiser cannot commit a mistake—for the present—the Chauvinists of Berlin would have raised a mighty screech. It seems, however, from the latest telegrams that Germany believes she is in a position to deprive Zanzibar of nearly all its commercial importance by diverting its trade to the mainland, where there are a string of German ports. Fortunately, there is another party that requires to be consulted before this transfer can be effected. The Indian traders command the situation, and if they elect, as

they almost certainly will, to carry on business under British protection, Zanzibar will retain its present prosperity. It is never an easy matter to turn trade away from its accustomed grooves. They were originally selected, in most instances by reason of their presenting greater advantages than any others, and when time and experience have confirmed that view, a very strong case needs to be made out before the trader will be induced to quit the place where he has made his money. Zanzibar possesses, too, some elements of order, while its very name is a sort of commercial fetish throughout Eastern Africa. On the whole, therefore, there seems little cause as yet to regret Lord Salisbury's bargain. English merchants must have degenerated sadly if, when such a favourable start has been secured for them, they allow themselves to be passed by the high-handed Teuton. All the same, it will be well if this alarm stirs up the Sleepy Hollows of Zanzibar, and puts our traders there on their mettle to meet and beat German rivalry at every point.

GERMAN SOCIALISM.—A good many Germans looked forward with dread to the expiration of the Anti-Socialist laws. As yet, however, no serious consequences have followed from the fact that these laws have ceased to be in force; nor is it likely that in the near future the Socialists will be troublesome to the State. In the first place, it is well known that the Government has at its disposal ample means for the suppression of disorder, and that it would not hesitate to make, if necessary, free use of its power. Besides, the Emperor has succeeded in producing a strong impression on the working classes, and many members even of the Socialist party look forward with hope to the influence he may exert on public affairs. Revolutionary agitation is also checked by the fact that the Socialists of Germany no longer present a united front to their opponents. During the days of what seemed to them persecution they held together very well, and kept in the background everything that could tend to create discord. But no sooner did they learn that they were about to enjoy a reasonable degree of freedom than they lost their apparent unanimity. Many of the younger men, under the leadership of Dr. Bruno Wille, express bitter contempt for the tactics of the old leaders, Bebel and Liebknecht. To the new school the Socialist party seems to have displayed hitherto far too great a readiness for "compromise." These enthusiasts will have nothing to do with Parliaments in which Individualism, as represented by Capital and the Aristocracy, has a potent voice; and they even demand that all true Socialists shall sever their connection with Churches. For the present, therefore, the German Socialists are too much occupied with their own quarrels to make themselves very formidable to other people.

MR. MORLEY AND COLONEL CADDELL.—Those persons who are accustomed to weigh evidence are well aware that eye-witnesses of exciting incidents—without any deliberate intention to deceive—are wont to give very contradictory accounts of what they saw and heard. In such cases, therefore, as it is manifestly impossible to ascertain the precise truth, people who really wish to judge impartially are necessarily influenced by the character of the witnesses who come before them. Now what are the positions respectively held by Colonel Caddell and Mr. Morley in this matter? Colonel Caddell is a resident magistrate, who is accustomed to the ways of Irish mobs, and who, by his presence before the Tipperary Court House, was simply performing an unpleasant official duty. Mr. Morley, on the other hand, came to Tipperary—where he only stayed three hours—in the character of an agitator. He knew well enough that his presence there as a prominent member of the Gladstonian party—even if he never opened his lips—would be of immense support to the martyrs who were being prosecuted by the ruthless Balfour. Then, as to the conflicting statements of the two men as to what took place. Mr. Morley made a speech at St. Helen's, in which he declared that there was no mob worthy of the name, that if the few people present had been allowed to enter the Court House all would have been well, and that the police, without provocation, batoned several unoffending people. In reply to this Colonel Caddell wrote a letter in which he stated that the assemblage, from 300 to 400 strong, could not possibly have been accommodated in the Court House; that he was personally assailed with the coarsest abuse by the mob, and vilified by the sympathising M.P.'s who were present; and that the injuries sustained by Messrs. Keating and Harrison were provoked by their own attacks on the police. Let any fair-minded persons read this letter, and then read Mr. Morley's rejoinder at Swindon, and they will admit that the latter shirks all the main issues in Colonel Caddell's statement. As we have already said, we think this prosecution of Mr. Balfour's was a mistake. It was not unjust, but it was inexpedient. There were manifold signs that the mass of the Irish people were getting sick of the Plan of Campaign, and of the lunatic scheme of revenge which has nearly ruined the town of Tipperary. Now, unfortunately, Mr. Balfour's blunder has put fresh life into the agitation. But this does not exonerate Mr. Morley. He and his allies have been so demoralised by Parnellite contact that they seem unaware of the fact that the offences for which Messrs. O'Brien and Dillon are being prosecuted strike at the foundation of all law and order, and would

most assuredly be far more sharply and summarily repressed in any other civilised community.

CENTRAL ASIA.—English attention has been so concentrated of late upon Africa that the once terrible "Central Asian Question" has almost passed out of public recollection. There are, however, some trusty watch-dogs who never take their eyes off that part of the world, and from one of these—Sir John Adye—we get a short but not sharp bark. Surveying the whole situation from the Caspian to the Indus, the accomplished strategist does not consider that England need be at all alarmed about Russian doings. That is perfectly true; our enterprising rival has discovered by this time that it is one thing to conquer and annex enormous stretches of barren territory, but quite another to convert them into really valuable possessions. It would scarcely be an exaggeration to assert that Russia is no stronger for the invasion of India than she was before she crushed the Tekke Turkomans and captured Merv. We mean, of course, for the present invasion of India; in the course of years, her long advance from the Caspian to the Afghan frontier will no doubt place her in a better position for striking, if that be her policy. But many things may happen before her loosely-knit and thinly-peopled acquisitions in Central Asia are so consolidated as to form a strong and trustworthy military base for a gigantic army. To attempt the conquest of India with less than 150,000 troops would be simply suicidal, and Russia could no more mass and maintain that number on the Afghan frontier now than she could bring up a sufficient force from the extremities of the Empire to save Sebastopol. The one advantage which accrues to her from her recent conquests is that it places her in a good position to carry on political intrigue in Afghanistan. And there, too, lies our chief danger. The reigning Ameer may be trusted to remain deaf to Russian blandishments; no one knows better than Abdul Rahman Khan on which side his bread is buttered. But his successor—who shall say what his views will be? And Afghan monarchs are much given to dying suddenly.

THE ETHICS OF COMMERCE.—It was to be expected that Archdeacon Farrar would hear a good deal about the address he delivered at the Church Congress on the ethics of commerce. And it is impossible not to sympathise to some extent with the protests that have been raised against the sweeping character of his denunciations. The Archdeacon cannot have a very extensive practical acquaintance with the methods of trade. By far the greater part of what he said must have been merely a repetition of what he had heard or read; and his general knowledge of human nature ought to have enabled him to weigh more accurately the statements he reproduced with so much vehemence. It is evident that, if English commerce were so utterly corrupt as he supposes it to be, hardly any important transaction would be possible in the business world. Every one would distrust every one else, and trade would rapidly transfer itself to regions peopled by less debased inhabitants. The clergy are to be commended for giving attention to the problems and difficulties of daily life. Their influence would be very much greater than it is if they would think even more about such matters than they have hitherto done, and show in what relations ordinary facts ought to stand to the highest principles. But it is essential that they should not talk at random about things of which they have little direct knowledge. There is much dishonesty, both of the grosser and the more subtle kinds, in our commercial system; and the utterance of some wise words about it at the Church Congress might have been of real service. Archdeacon Farrar spoiled the effect of his warnings by what must be called the intemperance of his language.

DON CARLOS FOR FRANCE.—It is a noteworthy fact that the Third Republic has lasted longer than any French Government since the downfall of the Old Monarchy in 1792. This durability, however, as every one knows, is much less due to the inherent merits of the Republic than to the weakness of its would-be rivals. Neither of the monarchical parties have got a presentable candidate; and, so far from abusing or threatening to prosecute General Boulanger, Moderate Republicans ought to vote him a statue and a liberal pension, for he has very cleverly managed (though, perhaps, without intending it) to discredit the Legitimists, the Bonapartists, and the Reds. The reputation of the Comte de Paris especially is so smirched just now, in the opinion of old-fashioned Royalists, by the "dear Bocher" letter that he has deemed it advisable to put the Atlantic between himself and his countrymen. At this juncture, therefore, Don Carlos sees a chance of placing himself in evidence, and he has accordingly written a letter to "my dear Valory," in which he reminds his correspondent that he is the legitimate King both of Spain and France, though he kindly adds that he does not mean to claim the latter throne at present. When we remember the bloodshed and misery which his attempt caused in Spain a few years ago, we hope that he will retain his present attitude of passivity.

DOVER HARBOUR.—At last there seems some probability that the long-talked-of improvement of Dover Harbour will be seriously taken in hand. For more years than we care to count the local authorities and the Government have been playing a game of patience, with the result that nothing

whatever has been done to increase the accommodation. Now, however, the Harbour Board has resolved to put aside shilly-shallying, and to create a magnificent port which shall not be ashamed to look that of Calais in the face. So far as can be judged from the published particulars, the scheme of construction seems to be well considered, and not too ambitious. It may be doubted, perhaps, whether Dover will ever become a port of call for ocean passenger steamers plying with London. But even if it fails to fulfil that function, our mercantile marine will gain greatly by being endowed with a safe and easily accessible harbour, in which the largest steamers can seek refuge at any hour. Not less is it a necessary supplement to our naval defences in the Channel. The Admiralty long ago recognised the need of creating a first-class harbour at Dover, but no First Lord had the courage to include the cost in his Estimates. After all, perhaps it is just as well that the work should be carried out by the local authorities. That will not involve any addition to Imperial taxation, while they propose to recoup the outlay by the levy of a shilling a head on every passenger who embarks or disembarks. That little drain will scarcely debar any one from using the Dover-Calais route, especially if the new harbour diminishes the discomfort now experienced by passengers during dirty weather. As regards the effect likely to be produced on Dover in its other character as a fashionable watering-place, that is solely the concern of the inhabitants. If they see their way to make more profit out of shipping than out of lodgers, as they apparently do, the outside world will rejoice that its gain is not their loss.

DEMORALISED DOCKERS.—Every one who is really interested in the welfare of the London Dockers must have read with regret the correspondence published this week by Messrs. Allan Brothers and Co. From this correspondence it would seem that the movement by which the Dockers have so greatly improved their material position has by no means led to any improvement of their moral tone. The coal labourers of this particular firm earn, it appears, as much as fifteen shillings for a day's work, ending at 5 P.M., and last week some grain-discharging men succeeded in bringing up their pay to twenty shillings per diem. It might be supposed that when the rate of wages ruled so high the character of the work would be more than usually satisfactory. According to Messrs. Allan Brothers and Co., who ought to know what they are talking about, this is very far from being the case. They assert that the work of the men is supervised by Union foremen, who rather hinder than aid the proper execution of the contracts. Any excuse is said to be good enough for the dawdling away of the time for which the employer pays. There has been, too, an "increase of thieving." Mr. Mann and Mr. Tillet, who have replied in a temperate spirit to these charges, will act wisely if they investigate the matter still more closely, and do their utmost to convince the workers that the word "duty," not less than the word "right," has still some significance for Dockers as well as for capitalists. It is certain that, if the present state of things is allowed to go on, the Dockers will in the end be the chief sufferers by their own folly. They will drive from London the very trade by which they are prospering.

SKY AND WATER SIGNS.—Our ancestors advertised, but neither so extensively nor so systematically as we do. Indeed, it was the want of system which, in those primitive days, led to a good deal of irritation and annoyance. A man who had put up a hoarding for building purposes had not then discovered that it was a valuable advertising space. Nevertheless bill-stickers angered him by pasting up their announcements uninvited; and then rival stickers came, and without remorse stuck their own bills over those of their foes. Country gentlemen, and still more suburban residents, were rendered furious by finding on their walls and palings advertisements of Warren's blacking. On a black paling, in white paint, the letters being about a yard long, these announcements certainly deserved the epithet of "bold advertisement," as Shakespeare has it. Then some years later, say from thirty to forty years ago, the street traffic was so obstructed by advertising vans that they were suppressed by special enactment. These facts may be unknown to the present generation, and may remind them that from forty to sixty years ago there were worse advertising nuisances than sky-signs, which, to our thinking, provided they do not project over the roadway, and are substantially erected, combine the maximum of effectiveness with the minimum of annoyance. As for the water-signs—such as the sails bearing the name of a patent medicine—we don't wonder at the fishermen being glad to get them for nothing, but still they are undeniably vulgar. There is no prettier or more impressive sight than that of a fleet of herring-cobles leaving one of our North Sea harbours, but when your binocular shows you that every sail bears the imprint above referred to—well, you experience a disagreeable sense of revulsion. For the advertiser's sake, it is to be hoped that every one who examines the sails does not feel like this, or he would lessen, rather than increase, the demand for his physic.

TREE-PLANTING IN LONDON.—Such successful results have so far attended tree-planting in London streets that the wonder is this method of ornamentation has not become a fashionable fad. Many great thoroughfares, which lend them-

selves to the purpose by their exceptional spaciousness, already give fair promise of becoming quite respectable boulevards in the course of a few years. That there have been some failures may not be denied, but these happened before experience had shown what were the proper trees to plant in smoky towns. There is no longer any question on that head; the plane is universally pronounced to be the fittest, by reason of its shedding its bark annually, and thus getting rid of its sooty covering. It is this tree, therefore, that the Metropolitan Public Gardens' Association specifies in its very generous offer to present 100l. to each of twenty Vestries and District Boards for arboriculture in suitable public thoroughfares. No doubt there will be the required number of applicants, and probably many more. At least, so we hope; it would almost reflect discredit on London as a whole if her governing bodies did not eagerly compete to make their respective localities beautiful on such pleasant terms. But the question naturally arises as to whether the said governing bodies should postpone public improvements of this character on the chance of their cost being defrayed out of private pockets. When a similar donation for tree-planting was made some years ago, the recipients in many cases laid out exactly the money allotted to them respectively, and then pulled up sharp, leaving the job only half finished. Let us trust that there will be no such meanness in the present instance. If the money does not suffice to complete the planting of any chosen thoroughfare, the authorities should obtain the deficient amount from other sources. And while they are about it, they might take thought about placing seats underneath the trees whenever the pavement is broad enough to afford standing-room.

NOTICE.—The Number this week consists of TWO WHOLE SHEETS.

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LYCEUM.—RAVENSWOOD.—TO-NIGHT, at Eight o'Clock. Mr. HENRY TERRY, Miss ELLEN TERRY, Mr. Terriss, Mr. Mackintosh, Mr. Wenman, Mr. Bishop, Mr. Macklin, Mr. Howe, Mr. G. Craig, Miss Marriott, &c. Box Office open daily 10 to 5 and during the performance.—LYCEUM.

BRITANNIA THEATRE.—Sole Proprietress, Mrs. S. LANE. Monday, October 6, and Every Evening at Seven. SOPHIA. Mrs. S. Lane, Misses Oliph Webb, Marshall, Messrs. Algon Symms, W. Steadman, J. B. Howe, W. Gardiner, &c.—MARRIED BACHELOR.—Concluding with OUR LADS IN RED.

BRIGHTON THEATRE and OPERA HOUSE.—Sole Proprietress, Mrs. NYE CHART.—MONDAY, October 13, AUNT JACK.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY. NOW RENDERED THE COOLEST PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN LONDON. ELECTRIC LIGHT THROUGHOUT.

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS' TWENTY-SIXTH CONSECUTIVE YEAR of the world-famed at the St. James's Hall in one continuous season. THE NEW PROGRAMME PRODUCED ON THE OCCASION OF THE JUBILEE CELEBRATION. On Thursday, the 18th Sept., having been received with the utmost enthusiasm, will be repeated EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT. EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at THREE. Seats, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 2s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Places can be secured a month in advance at Tree's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

MISS ANNIE MATTHEWS' ANNUAL CONCERT will take place on THURSDAY, October 16, 1890, when the following artists will appear: Madame CLARA SAMUELL, Miss ALICE MATTHEWS, Master CHARLES STEWART, Miss RHODA SUTHERLAND, and Madame BELLE COLE. Mr. HARPER KEARTON, Mr. ALBERT JAMES, Mr. MUSGROVE, Mr. TUFNAIL, and Mr. ROBERT GRICE. Solo Piano, Mr. Turle Lee; Solo Violin, Mr. T. E. Gatehouse; Conductor, Mr. Turle Lee. Doors open at 7.30; Commence at 8 o'clock. Reserved Seats (Numbered), 2s.; Unreserved, 1s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets may be obtained of Mr. Poole, Music Seller, Tulse Hill; Mr. Dunkley, Acre Lane; Mr. Cox, Brixton Hall; and of Miss Annie Matthews, Goring House, Hayter Road, Brixton Rise, S.W.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT. ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place.—CARNIVAL TIME, by Malcolm Watson, music by Corney Grain. Concluding with an entirely new musical sketch, by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled SEA-SIDE MANIA. Monday, Wednesday, and Friday Evenings at Eight, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday Afternoons at Three. Booking office open 10 to 6. Stalls, 5s. and 3s. Admission 4s. and 1s.

BRISTOL SEVENTH MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

OCTOBER 22, 23, 24, 25, 1890.

FOUR MORNING and TWO EVENING CONCERTS. Redemption; Elijah; Judith, by Dr. Parry; Golden Legend; Messiah; Song of Destiny, Brahms; And Vocal and Instrumental Selections. Conductor, Sir CHARLES HALLÉ.

Messdames Albani, Mac Intyre, Hilda Wilson, Hope Glenn. Messrs. Edward Lloyd, Ivor McKay, Andrew Black, Watkin Mills, B. Pierpoint, and Worlock.

Programmes with full particulars on application to HENRY COOKE, Esq., Hon. Sec., Colston Hall, Bristol.

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Open from 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. BRILLIANTLY ILLUMINATED GARDENS. Fireworks every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday by Mr. Joseph Wells, of Wandsworth.

ROYAL MILITARY EXHIBITION.

The following Military Bands will perform during the week ending October 18th. First Battalion South Lancashire Regiment. First Battalion Northamptonshire Regiment. Bands play daily from 3 p.m. to 11 p.m.

ROYAL MILITARY EXHIBITION.

The following events will take place during the week—Display of Drill, &c., by the Boys of the Duke of York's School. Sword Exercise, Sword & Sword, Sword & Lance, Balacava Mélé, and Driving Competition by the J. Battery, Royal Horse Artillery. Ascent of Spencer's Great War Balloon. Concert by Students of the Royal Normal College for the Blind, Norwood, and Gymnastic Display by the same Pupils. Grand Display by the Lady Gymnasts of the Regent Street Polytechnic. Gymnastic Display by the Instructors of the Army Gymnasium, Aldershot.

ROYAL MILITARY EXHIBITION.

Omni-buses every five minutes from Sloane Square and South Kensington Stations. Steamboats from all Piers to Victoria Pier (opposite the Main Entrance). Admission 1s. every day. This price admits to all Entertainments. Major G. E. W. MALET, Hon. Director.

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Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington, Chelsea, &c. New Fast Train, London to Brighton, 9 a.m. New Fast Trains, Brighton to London, 7.30 p.m. and 9.30 p.m. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available 8 days. Pullman Drawing room Cars between London and Brighton. Through Bookings to Brighton from principal Stations. On the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

BRIGHTON EVERY WEEK-DAY.—A First-Class Cheap Train from Victoria 10 a.m. Day Return Tickets, 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car, available to return by any Train from Brighton (Central Station) or West Brighton.

BRIGHTON EVERY SATURDAY.—Cheap First Class Trains from Victoria at 10.40 and 11.40 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; and from London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12.0 noon, calling at East Croydon. Return Tickets, available to return by any Train same day, from Brighton (Central Station) or West Brighton. First Class, Half-a-Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion.

BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY.—First Class Cheap Trains from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Returning from Brighton (Central Station) or West Brighton by any Train the same day. Fare, First Class, 10s. Pullman Drawing Room Cars are run in the 10.45 a.m. Train from Victoria to Brighton (Central Station), returning from Brighton (Central Station) by the 5 and 8.40 p.m. Trains. Special Cheap Fare from Victoria, including Pullman Car, 12s., also available for return (First Class) by any other Train same day from Brighton (Central Station) or West Brighton.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.—Via NEW-HAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.

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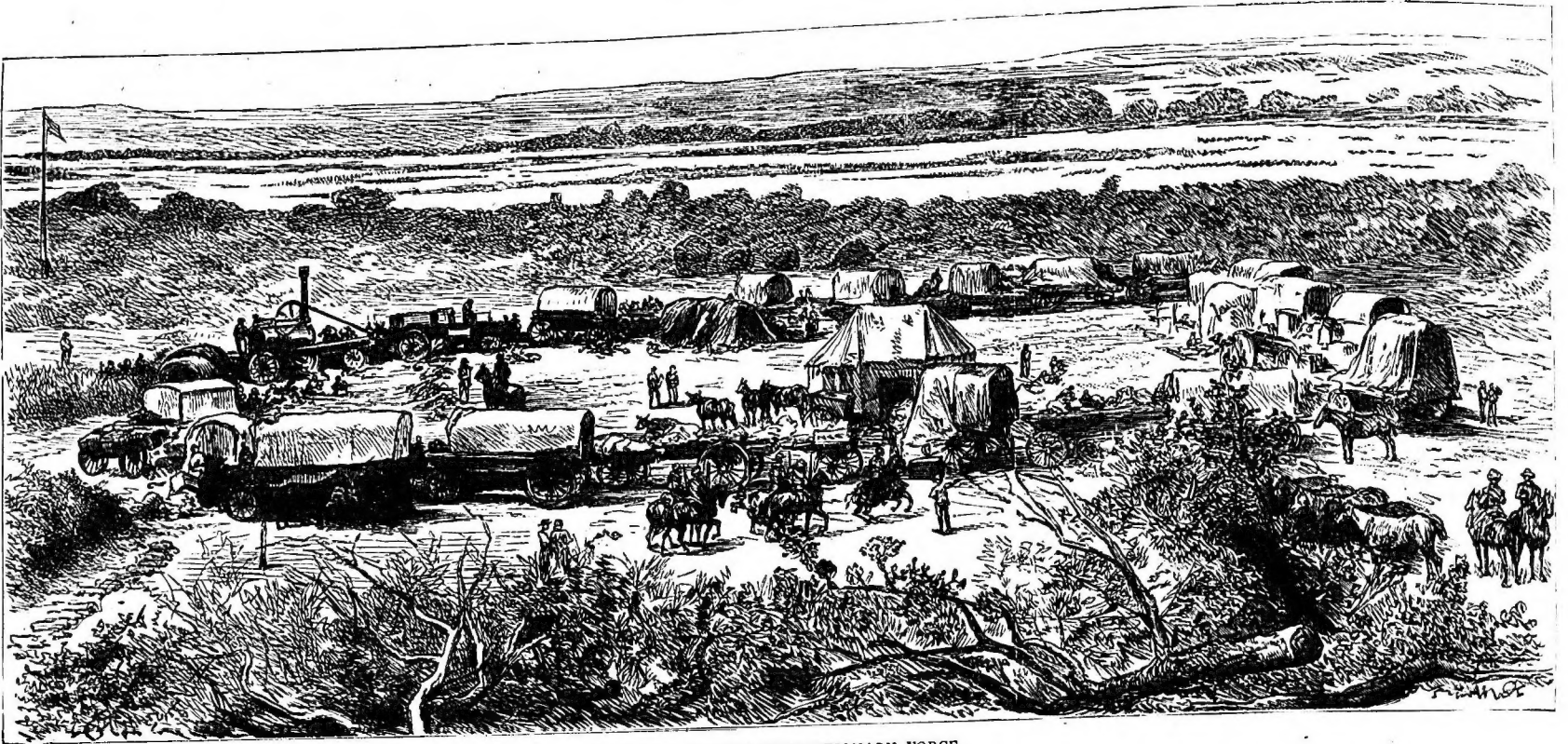


HARE AND HOUNDS

WHEN the glory of the year has departed, and the leaves are still dropping slowly from the trees, football takes the place of cricket, save with those to whom the cross-country racing, known as Hare and Hounds, affords a reason for training and hard exercise. It is a very favourite recreation with many who are bound to the desk all day, and are only able to get away from the office late in the afternoon. Then in the autumn evenings, when the football player is already thinking how many minutes still remain in which to secure or defend a goal, the cross-country runner gets into his shorts, and starts across the damp meadows, the swollen brooks, and the muddy lanes. And so it frequently happens that, if the course is a long one, evening settles in before the Hares and Hounds can reach home, and the concluding part of the race has to be run in the dark. This is a matter of no consequence, as usually, after a certain point has been reached, the Hares hang their empty bags on a tree or gate, and then the correct course becomes the shortest line for home. By the time the town is reached it is quite dark, and the lamp-light struggles dimly through the damp fog. But that matters little to the runners, for the pavement tells that the goal is near, and they dash forward with renewed vigour, to the astonishment of the few passers-by, who are naturally somewhat startled at seeing ghostly and lightly-clad figures flit by in the gathering dusk. It is a close finish; but a few yards separate the leaders, and the rest of the hounds are well up, though, as the leading hound seems to have a good bit in hand, there can be little doubt as to the result of the run in.

THE PIONEER CORPS ON THE WAY TO MASHONALAND

THE Pioneer Force of the British South Africa Company broke camp and crossed the Macloutsie on Thursday, June 26th, and reached the Fuli River on Tuesday, July 1st. Upon their arrival



A LAAGER OF THE EXPEDITIONARY FORCE
Showing the portable Engines for the Electric Search Light

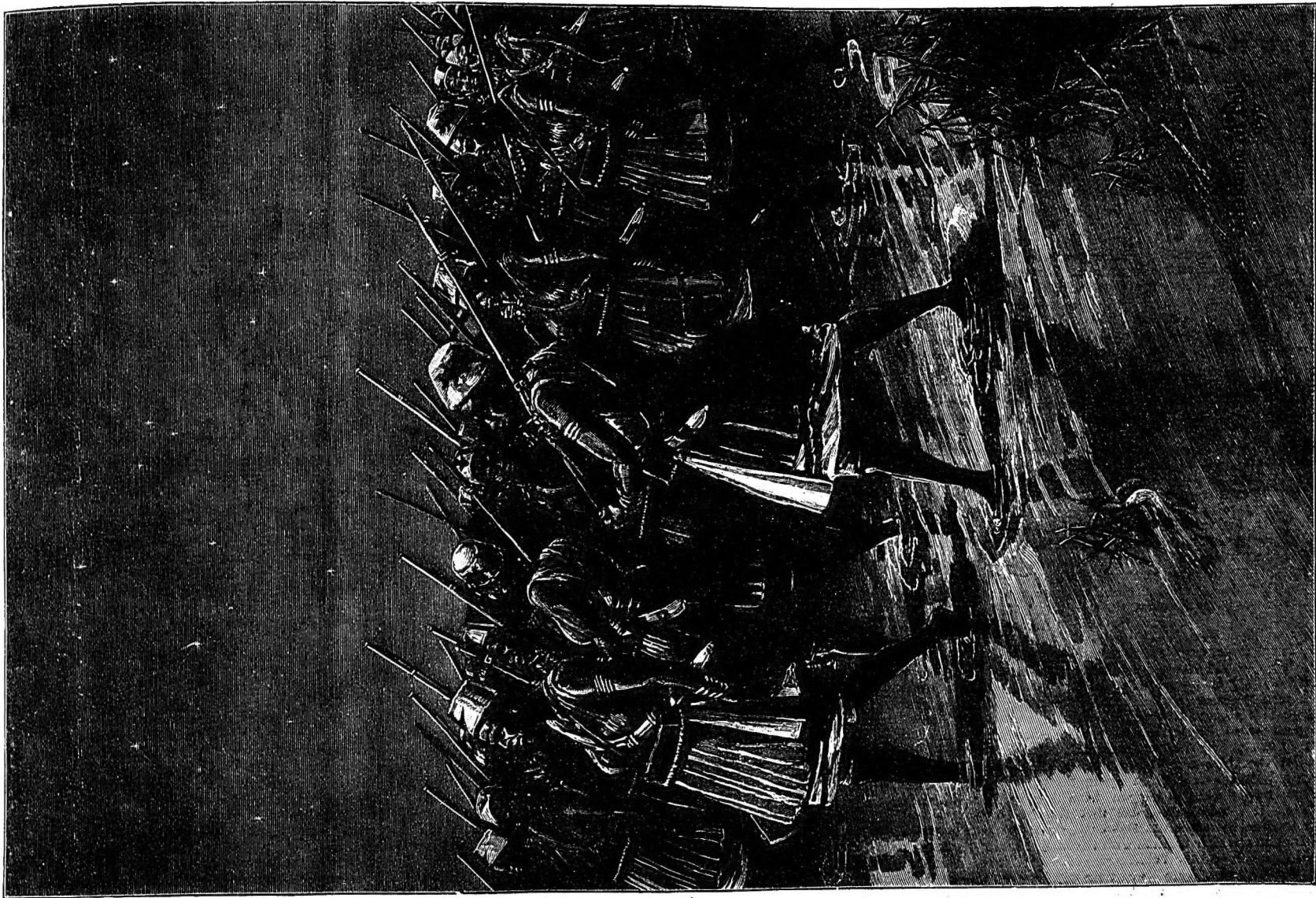


AN INTERVIEW WITH THE MATABELE

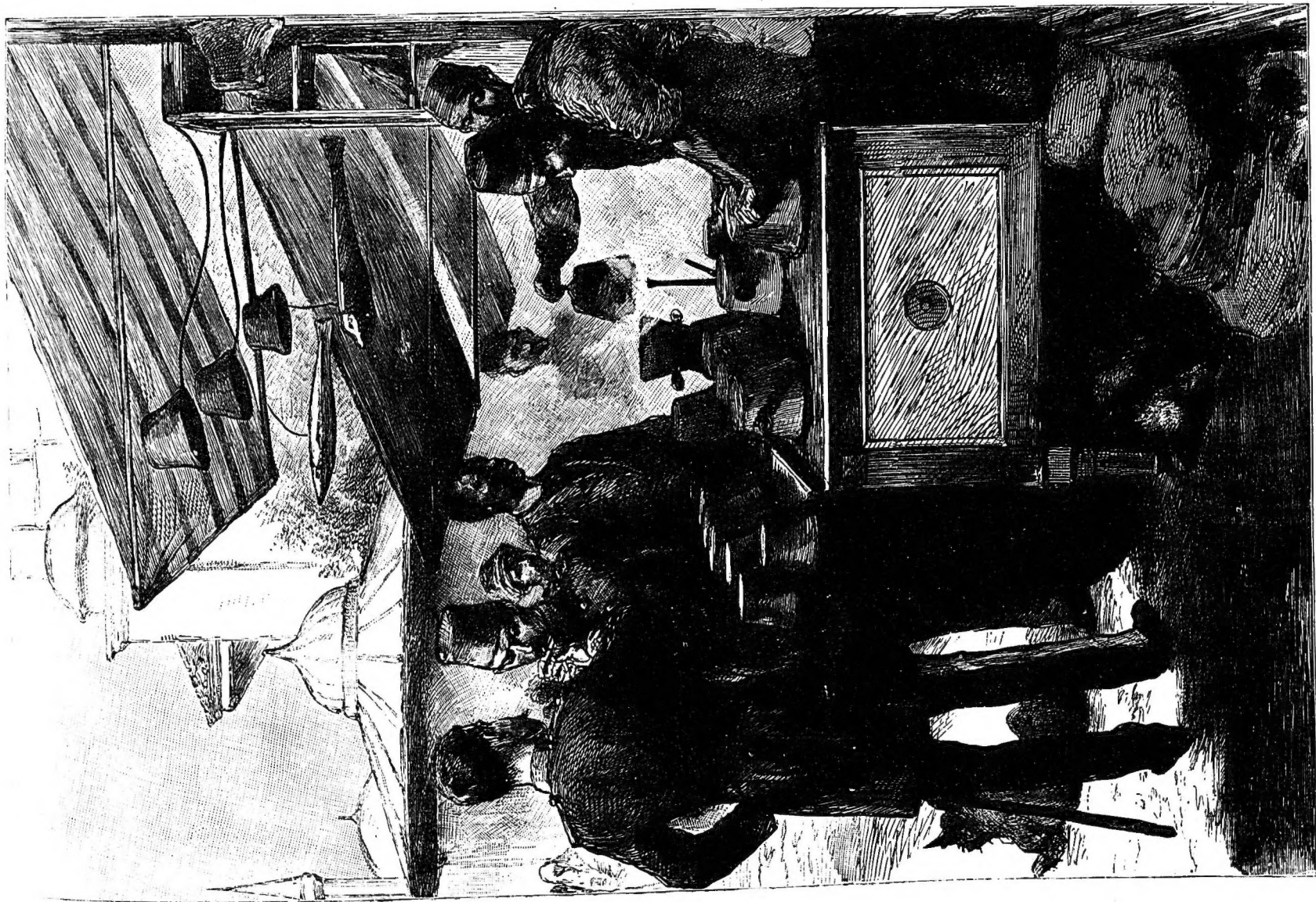


A COMMON OCCURRENCE ON THE ROAD

THE PIONEER CORPS OF THE BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA COMPANY ON THE WAY TO MASHONALAND



THE FRENCH IN DAHOMEY—THE KING OF DAHOMEY'S AMAZONS CROSSING A SWAMP ON THE MARCH



LIFE IN THE EAST—FEZ-BLOCKERS IN THE BAZAAR AT STAMBOUL

THE GRAPHIC

THE END OF THE SEASON

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at this river, a laager was formed upon a site selected by Colonel Pennfather the day previous. The laager lies at the base of a small hill about 500 yards from the river, the machine guns and electric search lights being placed on the top.

Shortly after their arrival a small body of Kaffirs were seen to be crossing the river from Matabeleland. They proved to be messengers from the King. They had been sent with a letter to Dr. Jamieson (the representative of the Chartered Company), and were on their return, but probably wished to take back the latest news of our doings to the King Lobengula. Two days afterwards a second lot of Kaffirs arrived, also with letters from the King to Dr. Jamieson. They wished to know what the white man had lost that they were coming into their country. Two oxen were given to them, which they soon killed, and were eating when the news reached them that an *impi* of Khamas had arrived. They at once cleared off. These men of Khamas accompany the Pioneers as guides, &c., and will no doubt prove most useful allies.

On Saturday, July 6th, a football-match was arranged between teams picked from A and B troops. As no other ground was available, a place was chosen for the match in the broad sandy bed of the Tuli River, which, during the winter months, has but little water in it; the match ended in a draw. This was, no doubt, the first football played in this part of South Africa. A telegram from Cape Town, received a few days ago, states that the expedition had arrived safely at its objective point, Mount Hampden, in the centre of the Mashona country.—Our engravings are from photographs by Mr. W. Ellerton Fry, of the Pioneer Corps.

DAHOMEY'S AMAZONS CROSSING A SWAMP

HIS MAJESTY OF DAHOMEY has a way of keeping himself *en evidence* that may add much to his personal satisfaction at his own importance, but generally affects Europeans differently. His latest effort for fame took the form of capturing a number of Frenchmen, taking them to his capital, and there immolating batches of poor slaves before their eyes—presumably from an idea of causing exquisite agony to the poor Frenchmen. The French, fortunately for the prisoners, took action at last, after much delay, and attacked the Dahomeyan troops. But from their timid policy, due to the dread of being launched into another flood of unpopularity such as attended the "Tonquin Ministry," their small force at last got into a hornet's nest at Kotonou, near Porto Novo, and were driven back to Porto Novo by the Amazons. These women soldiers, some 20,000 in number, are the flower of the king's army, and their courage, hardihood, daring, cruelty, and bloodthirstiness are a common byword. Their discipline is extremely severe, and their attack terrible. They move rapidly and stealthily, and fight with great cunning. They would have given the small French force greater trouble, if Dahomey had not had to recall them to put down some mutinous tribes nearer home. The French naval commander wisely chose this time to bombard Whydah, and the panic caused was so great as to bring Dahomey to accept an exchange of prisoners. Even at the last moment, this agreement nearly fell through, but the ships nipped any further hesitation in the bud. The French hostages were given up on the 13th of May, and the Dahomeyan troops were withdrawn from the neighbourhood of Porto Novo. It seems improbable that the French Government will now send an Expedition to Dahomey, since, by a treaty which Admiral De Cuverville has made with the king, France obtains the harbour of Kotonou and the Protectorate of Porto Novo. Kotonou is already fortified, and Porto Novo soon will be. By this arrangement France has secured the commerce with the interior of Dahomey, and added a new field of enterprise for those of her citizens who desire to settle on the coast.—Our engraving is from a drawing by Mr. C. Haldane M'Fall, Bewsey Mount, Warrington, Lancashire.

FEZ-BLOCKING IN CONSTANTINOPLE

FEZ-BLOCKING is a function in the life of that personage in the Eastern centres of civilisation corresponding to the Western "masher," or more Western "dude." The Constantinopolitan masher is as fastidious, perhaps more generally so, about his fez than the masher regarding his hat. He has much time on his hands, and is leisurely in being barbered and shampooed—two operations with which fez-blocking is more or less associated. The fez means much in Eastern life. The colour, or shade of red, denotes nationality, the tassel profession. Tall, taller than the tallest tall hat, the lower part swathed with a fringed silk handkerchief, it is the pride and care of the mountain warriors of Asia Minor; light red shows the Egyptian, and so on.

To those who have the time and the modest sum necessary, it is a daily duty to have the fez blocked. The headgear to be beautified is first slightly steamed, by which operation a certain amount of pliability and impressionable dampness is obtained. It is then placed on a fixed shape, a copper or brass covering placed over, and worked half round and back by hand. Placed damp, warm, and daintily on the head, the masher, civil, naval, or military, can, should he desire, *passe partout*; he is at peace with all the world.

WITH THE CHANNEL SQUADRON

"NEPTUNE'S BEARDS."—Every ship, as soon as she goes to sea, and a bit of a breeze springs up, gets her baptism of water. But some do not take it so quietly as others. For instance, the new type of Channel Squadron vessels, when they get it, show that they get it, each one to his foremost neighbour. This is what the bows of the *Howe* looked like to those on board the *Anson*. With the barrette guns for eyes, the effect is not unlike a water-work of Neptune's beard.

"RUNNING THE ELECTRIC GAUNTLET."—To clear a Scandinavian merchantman, the *Anson*, which was the leading ship, slightly altered her course, and the rest of the fleet also successively did so. As the Scandinavian glided along under canvas, slowly and silently, each vessel played one or more search-lights on her ghostly sails and white hull. Sometimes she stood out in strong relief; sometimes she was wrapped in gloom, until she finally passed away in the darkness astern.—These two engravings are from sketches by Mr. C. W. Cole, R.N., Paymaster H.M.S. *Anson*.

THE ALEXANDRA HOSPITAL

See page 414

POPULAR MUSICAL UNION

See page 411

"BOLTED"

HAPPILY the incident depicted in Mr. Charlton's drawing is not of very frequent occurrence in the streets of the metropolis. London horses see and hear such a multitude of strange sights and sounds that they soon become accustomed to anything, and regard steam-rollers and fluttering newspapers, and listen to hideous whistles and crashes, with perfect equanimity. When horses do take it into their heads to run away in London, however, a terrible smash is the almost inevitable result—unless indeed the intrepid policeman is at hand to throw himself into their path, and with a skill and courage little short of miraculous seize them in their mad career, and bring them to a standstill. On this occasion, however, the only policeman in sight is succouring the old lady who has tumbled down in her fright, and in another moment, despite the strenuous efforts of the coachman, the carriage will crash into the unfortunate coster's barrow, and scatter his fruit all over the roadway. Let us hope that will be the worst of the impending catastrophe.

ALTHOUGH the summer is past, and the days of autumn are advanced, and in spite of the presence of "Chill October," our watering-places are far from being deserted. The present month usually brings desire for the fireside rather than surging of the waves and the seaside promenade.

The early days of October, however, are granting us what was denied us in June and July. Hence the temptation to linger and enjoy the health-giving breezes to the last.

Nevertheless, while gratefully acknowledging the benign character of the weather, we are not so unreasonable as to complain if a sudden darkening and consequent downpour is dealt out to us, and causes a hurrying of promenaders to a near shelter, which provides us with the subject of our illustration.

The child in her hurry drops her bucket and spade, and holds close to her companion and protector—a large St. Bernard—while in the foreground a terrier, the only one of the party indifferent to the rain, barks loudly at the group, doubtless preferring a move on. It is, however, but a temporary affliction, and the re-appearance of the sun sparkling on sea and land almost persuades one to consider the day a forerunner of May flowers rather than of winter snows.



MR. ARTHUR ANTWIS HOPKINS, who has been appointed a metropolitan police magistrate in succession to Mr. L. C. Tennyson D'Eyncourt, resigned, is the eldest son of Mr. John Satchell Hopkins, of Birmingham, J.P., and was born in June, 1855. He was educated at Rugby School, whence he proceeded as an Exhibitioner to Trinity College, Cambridge. He graduated in international honours, and in 1880 took his M.A. degree. In March, 1874, he



MR. ARTHUR A. HOPKINS
New Metropolitan Magistrate.

had become a student at the Inner Temple, where he was called to the Bar in January, 1879. Mr. Hopkins was for a period reporter for the *Law Times* in the Court of Appeal. He has practised on the Midland Circuit, occupying also the post of Counsel to the Mint authorities at Birmingham Sessions. In September, 1880, he married Blanche, youngest daughter of the late Rev. James Butler, D.D., of Burnley, Lancashire.—Our portrait is from a photograph by W. and D. Downey, 57 and 61, Ebury Street, S.W.

MR. CHARLES WILLIAM BARDSWELL, of the Equity Bar, who was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1857, succeeds the late Sir William Hardman in the Recordship of Kingston-on-Thames.—Captain George H. Dean, late 12th Lancers, has been appointed Chief Constable of the Metropolitan Police.

MR. LESLIE DUNCAN, the defendant in the action for breach of promise brought by Miss Knowles, has been in London for nearly a fortnight, but has not chosen to attend at the meetings for his examination in bankruptcy on Miss Knowles's petition. On Tuesday, therefore, the Registrar ordered the issue of a warrant to commit him for contempt of court, and adjourned the examination to the 15th inst. His legal representative, while pleading his physical prostration as an excuse for his absence, admitted that the bankrupt was influenced by a fear that his attendance would involve the surrender of his property. He also admitted that since May Mr. Duncan had been realising property to the amount of 10,000l., 6,000l. of which remained in his possession. It appears that the bankrupt's wife (formerly the Hon. Mrs. Whyte-Melville) is being examined in private on the subject of her husband's proceedings, and it is said that they were married on the 10th of June, the verdict in Miss Knowles's action being given on the 10th of August, and that they have been travelling abroad almost ever since.

A SINGULAR and painful charge of forging and uttering a cheque for 100l., with intent to defraud, was brought at Bow Street on Tuesday, by Mr. Edmund Yates, the proprietor of the *World*, against Mrs. Maud Yates, aged twenty-eight, the wife of his son, Mr. Frederick Yates, from whom she is separated. Mr. Yates senior allowed her 200l. a-year, which was paid by cheque in weekly instalments of 4l. Before going abroad last month, he left with his secretary blank cheques signed by him, each to be filled up for the usual 4l. One of these cheques was, by mistake, forwarded in blank, and the charge against the defendant was, that she had altered the date from the 22nd of September to the 20th, and filled up the cheque for 100l. The cheque had been presented and the 100l. paid. Mr. Edmund Yates went into the witness-box, and said that there had been no formal deed of separation, that the allowance made by him was a voluntary one, that the defendant was constantly writing to him for money, that he had paid money for her on every possible plea, and had done everything he possibly could for her. On bail being asked for after a remand, Mr. George Lewis, who appeared for Mr. Edmund Yates, said that he would not oppose the application, adding that his client had not taken this step without great provocation, and having suffered much annoyance. Mr. Lushington committed her for trial, but granted bail in two sureties of 100l. each.

MR. J. REDFORD BULWER, one of the Masters in Lunacy, in conformity to the verdict of a jury, pronounced for the lunacy and inca-

capacity to manage his own affairs of Mr. Humphrey Joseph Weld, younger son of Mr. Joseph Weld, of Lulworth Castle, Dorsetshire, and now in a *Maison de Santé* at Bordeaux. It was proved by a number of witnesses that he has pursued persistently a course of extravagance and eccentricity incompatible with a belief in his sanity. He had an income of about 400l. a year, and a considerable balance at his banker's. The petitioners were his two maiden sisters. The lunatic neither attended the inquiry, nor was legally represented at it.

ON SLAVIN AND M'LAULIFFE, the two pugilists, being brought up on remand at the Lambeth Police Court on the charge explained in this column last week, Mr. Poland, who prosecuted for the Treasury, said that he intended to ask for summonses against other persons than the two defendants, as they ought not alone to be held responsible, and some of those who procured the fight should be proceeded against. It was objected on the part of the defendants that this course might deprive them of witnesses on their behalf, and Mr. Poland said that he would therefore consider whether he would not defer proceeding against those other persons until the present case had been dealt with. Inspector Chisholm having repeated his account of the details of the fight, which has already been given in this column, the defendants were remanded until Friday, the 10th inst., and were liberated on the same bail as before.



GREAT REGRET has been caused by the announcement of the sudden death, in his fifty-seventh year, of that much-esteemed clergyman and popular preacher, the Rev. Henry White, of the Savoy Chapel, and Chaplain to the House of Commons. His health had for some time been indifferent, but on Sunday he resumed the services at the Savoy, though he did not preach. On Monday evening he attended a swimming bath entertainment. On Tuesday morning he was found dead in his bed, the cause of death being probably heart-disease. He was educated at King's College, London, of which he became years afterwards Chaplain and Censor. Taking priest's Orders in 1860, he was in the same year appointed to the Chaplaincy of the Savoy, which is in the gift of the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and in 1874 he became Chaplain to the Queen, who often commanded him to preach before her. In 1869 he succeeded Dean Merivale as Chaplain to the House of Commons, his term of office expiring, in 1874, with the appointment of a new Speaker. Last year, on the occurrence of a vacancy, he was re-appointed to his old office. His preaching attracted large congregations to the Savoy, and his geniality made him a favourite with all classes, rich and poor. He clung to the Savoy, in spite of all offers of preferment, declining more than one Colonial Bishopric, as well as the valuable living of Halifax, offered him by Mr. Disraeli, and that of St. Stephen's, Westminster, by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who, among many persons of station, was married at the Savoy during his chaplaincy. The number of members of the dramatic and musical profession whom he united in the bonds of wedlock was very large, and quite recently he intimated in a sermon that he had celebrated his one thousandth wedding.

THE DEAN OF CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD, Dr. Liddell, intimates that a meeting will be held there on Thursday, October 16th, at 2 P.M., to consider what steps should be taken to commemorate the late Canon Liddon's connection with his old college. It has been suggested, Dr. Liddell says, that this might be done by obtaining a portrait for the hall, and perhaps a tablet for the church.—The subscriptions received by the Committee of the Liddon Memorial Fund amounted at the middle of the week to 5,000l.

THE NEW CHURCH OF ST. THOMAS, WEST HAM, which was recently consecrated by the Bishop of St. Albans, has been erected in a district covered by the dwellings of 5,000 artisans and working people, where, only a few years ago, there was a market-garden. The site for it was given by the landlord, the Rev. H. R. Rokeby, and the church has been erected through the exertions of Canon Scott, aided by a grant from the Bishop of St. Alban's Fund, and, last not least, by liberal contributions of money and work from the denizens of the district, scanty as are the means of most of them.

THE FIRST SESSION of the New Institute at University Hall, Gordon Square, which owes its origin in a great degree to the authoress of "Robert Elsmere," began on Monday, when eight or nine members went into residence. The Wardenship has been conditionally accepted by the Rev. Philip Wicksteed, Dr. Martineau's successor at the Unitarian Chapel in Little Portland Street, and Lecturer in Sociology at Manchester New College, Oxford. He is also known as the translator of several works by "advanced" Continental writers on Biblical criticism and theology, among them Kuenen's "Hexateuch."

THE REV. DR. HERMAN ADLER, Acting Chief Rabbi, preaching at the Bayswater Synagogue on Monday, the last day of the Feast of Tabernacles, devoted his sermon to a detailed account of the persecution of the Jews in Russia, which seemed, he said, to show that there was a deliberate design to worry and crush out of existence by slow and aggravating processes the whole Jewish community of that vast Empire. He had read in a Russian newspaper these words in reference to his Jewish brethren in Russia:—"When microbes have to be destroyed, we do not pause to inquire how microbes like the process." He concluded by expressing his regret that the meeting which was to have been convened by the Lord Mayor was not held, as it might have led to the Czar's commutation of the sufferings to which the Russian law condemns millions of men and women for worshipping God as the Founder of Christianity worshipped Him.

MISCELLANEOUS.—At the Diocesan Conference at Winchester on Wednesday the Bishop of Winchester took an official farewell of his Diocese.—The long-deferred enthronement of the second Bishop of St. Albans took place in the famous Abbey on Tuesday.—The Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, will be reopened for service to-morrow (Sunday).—The Lord Mayor Elect has appointed his brother, the Rev. E. L. Savory, Rector of Palgrave, Suffolk, to be his chaplain during his year of office.—The Rev. Herbert A. James, Principal of Cheltenham College, and formerly Dean of St. Asaph, has withdrawn his acceptance of the Head Mastership of Clifton College, in succession to the Rev. James M. Wilson (resigned), in consequence of representations made to him respecting the injury which would be done to the school by his resignation of the principalship so soon after his assumption of it.—A Conference of Ministers of Religion on Social Questions has been formed at Liverpool, with already nearly a hundred members representing every theological school from Roman Catholicism to Unitarianism.

PETER THE GREAT'S HUT AT ZAANDAM, near Amsterdam, is being restored, having fallen of late years into a somewhat dilapidated condition. When working *incognito* as a shipwright in a neighbouring dockyard, Peter inhabited this little wooden two-roomed house for some weeks in 1697, and the interior contains many interesting portraits and relics.

ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION

THE members of the Arts and Crafts Society have again succeeded in furnishing the New Gallery with a large and fairly comprehensive collection of works. Embroidery and Furniture this year largely predominate, but many other forms of decoration and industrial art, including stone and wood carving, bookbinding and printing, metal work, glass, and pottery are well represented. The drawings on a large scale, designed for mural decoration and stained-glass windows, being few in number are relegated to the small South Room. The first in order of arrangement, and in some respects the best, is a cartoon of "The Annunciation to the Shepherds," by Mr. Burne Jones, to be executed in fresco in Lanercost Abbey. The composition being upright, and very narrow, it cannot be rightly appreciated apart from its appropriate architectural surroundings. The figures are finely designed, and the work is not without a certain impressive grandeur. There are several other drawings by the artist, apparently of earlier date, including a series of nine cartoons for a window at Jesus College, Cambridge, entitled "Hierarchy," full of quaint symbolism, and showing a great deal of artistic invention. The designs for windows by Mr. C. W. Whall, Mr. E. Ingram Taylor, and Mr. Selwyn Image, and the sgraffito wall decorations by Mr. Heywood Sumner, are marked by correct draughtsmanship and appropriate simplicity of treatment. The largest work in the room is a charcoal cartoon for a fresco in the Manchester Town Hall, representing an incident in the first century of the Christian era, "The Baptism of Eadwine," by Mr. Ford Madox Brown. Though disfigured by his peculiar mannerisms, and faulty in many ways, it bears evidence of independent thought and careful study.

The examples of needlework are extremely numerous and diversified in character. A considerable proportion of them are remarkable chiefly for their neatness of execution, and the great amount of labour which has been lavished on them; but among the tapestries, the embroidered curtains, and the wall hangings there are many showing artistic feeling and a true sense of beauty and proportion. Mr. Walter Crane's series of embossed wall-papers in distemper and colours, and enriched with gilding, entitled "Corona Vitæ," are original in design, rich and harmonious in colour, and in every way well suited to their purpose. The same good qualities are to be seen in a large wall-hanging of silk needlework on linen, designed by Mr. W. Morris; in the "Antependium for Pulpit," executed by Margaret Smith, from a design by Selwyn Image; and in the portières and embroidered curtains by Mrs. Thackeray-Turner, Miss May Morris, and Catherine Holliday.

The specimens of furniture ranged in the North Gallery are, with very few exceptions, distinguished by good taste and finished workmanship. Among the numerous contributions of Messrs. Collinson and Lock a walnut and boxwood marqueterie sideboard, designed by G. J. S. Lock, and a rosewood and ivory cabinet, with inlay by Stephen Webb, are especially noteworthy. They are finely proportioned, and though the decorations are extremely elaborate and intricate in design, they are not unduly obtrusive. Excellent also in their various ways are the walnut chair in Louis XIV. style, by F. W. Randall, the mahogany settle, with canopy, by A. H. Macmurdo, and a dainty little corner cupboard, inlaid with snakewood and ebony, by Reginald T. Blomfield. It is stated in a preface to the catalogue, by Mr. Walter Crane, that one of the chief objects of the society is "to give publicity to the works of Designer and Craftsmen." It is somewhat surprising accordingly to find that several examples of artistic furniture are exhibited with the names only of the firms in whose workshops they have been produced. Mr. Clement Heaton has a pair of vases in Cloisonné enamel, excellent alike in design and workmanship; and there are good examples of metal-work by Mr. W. A. S. Benson, Mr. H. Longden, and Mr. T. R. Spencer. In the Entrance Hall are grouped a few small works in sculpture, including a bronze statuette by Sir Frederick Leighton, a replica on a very small scale of his "Peace" by Mr. Onslow Ford, and a finely modelled "Marble Bust," by F. Junck, which, if they do not come strictly within the category of Decorative Art, add materially to the attractiveness of the Exhibition.



POLITICAL.—Parliament, it is understood, will be summoned to meet for despatch of business on Tuesday, November 25th.—Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, speaking on Tuesday at Gloucester, replied to Mr. Morley's recent denunciations of the conduct of the magistracy and police at Tipperary, and referring to the partial failure of the potato crop in Ireland said that, as regarded the major part of the country, there would be no suffering which could not be adequately relieved by the machinery of the Poor Law. It might be that in the poorer districts local resources would be exhausted, in which case the Unionist party would cordially give help from the Imperial Exchequer wherever necessary. If Home Rule existed in Ireland, he thought the Irish Parliament would be in a considerable difficulty in the matter. Criticising the operation of Mr. Morley's Poor Relief Act of 1886, when there was alleged to be exceptional distress in certain districts, he pointed out that in the Clifden Union, for instance, where out-door relief had been given most lavishly, and partly from the Imperial Exchequer, as soon as the Guardians discovered that under a new régime their extravagance inflicted a burden on their own Union, in a single week they reduced the number of persons receiving relief from 18,500 to 3,500.—On the same day Mr. John Morley made, at Swindon, a speech, which was entirely devoted to Irish questions. After the usual declaration that "coercion" had failed to do anything for Ireland, he entered into a lengthy but rather vague defence of the version which he gave at St. Helen's of the recent proceedings at Tipperary. Predicting dire distress in Connaught during the coming months, he disclaimed all knowledge of a panacea for it. After condemning the remedial measures suggested in various quarters, he wound up by reverting, with seemingly parental fondness, to the merits and promise of Mr. Gladstone's Land Purchase Bill of 1886, which its putative father has himself pronounced to be "dead and buried."—Mr. Stanhope, Secretary of State for War, speaking at Horncastle, also on Tuesday, said that the existence of a famine in Ireland rested only in the imagination of the Parnellite leaders, or in the necessities of American politicians to angle in the United States for the Irish vote. There was indeed in some districts a large failure of the potato crop, and it was in view of the possibility of such a failure that the Government last Session carried, in spite of the opposition of many Radical members, a measure to promote the construction of railways in those very districts, and thus provide the distressed with work during the winter.—Mr. Algernon Egerton, uncle of the late member, has, as was anticipated, become the Unionist candidate for the Eccles Division of Lancashire. Both political parties are busily at work, and the contest will be a keen one.—Mr. Gladstone has definitely decided to begin his visit to Mid-Lothian on the 18th inst.

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL has to thank Mr. Goschen's Budget for rescuing it from a threatened and serious financial difficulty. In the discussion, at its usual meeting on Tuesday, of a

report from the Finance Committee, Lord Lingen, Chairman of the committee, pointed out that but for the 140,000l. or so receivable from the Chancellor of the Exchequer's new taxes on intoxicating liquors there would be a surplus of expenditure over revenue, and the rate for the next six months would have to be increased. A proposal made by Mr. Spicer to hold over that sum, virtually to be applied hereafter to aid technical education, instead of being thrown into the general revenue, met with such adverse criticism that the sum named was reduced by him to 60,000l. But even this modified proposal was rejected by the decided majority of forty, only twenty-five members voting for it, and sixty-five against it. Mr. John Burns was one of those who spoke against it, on the ground that technical education was an Imperial question.

THE CONFERENCE OF THE IRISH PARLIAMENTARY PARTY, summoned by circular from Mr. Parnell, who, however, did not attend, was held in Dublin on Monday, Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., presiding. Several declamatory resolutions were adopted. One of them, in view of the partial failure of the potato crop, called on the Government to introduce a Bill to suspend proceedings for the recovery of rent in the case of holdings valued at less than 20l. a year in districts scheduled as distressed. In another resolution, eight Irish M.P.'s, among them Messrs. J. Dillon and W. O'Brien, were commissioned to proceed to the United States to appeal to sympathisers there for financial aid. At a subsequent public meeting, speeches of the usual character were delivered, and a telegram was received in which Mr. Parnell expressed regret for his inability to attend, without stating any definite reason for his absence.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Lord Mayor will, on Wednesday, October 22nd, at noon, lay the foundation-stone of the new and much-wanted fruit and vegetable market in Farringdon Street.—It has been decided that the Naval Exhibition is to be held where the Military Exhibition, which will close on November 12th, is now being held at Chelsea.—The Dockers Congress, before closing, resolved that an eight hours' day would be impracticable in dock work, but that, wherever practicable, a working week of forty-eight hours should be obtained.—At its third meeting on Tuesday, the International Literary and Artistic Congress, referred to in this column last week, received a report on the question of Copyright in the United States, in which the prospect of justice being done by the Congress to non-American authors was represented as extremely doubtful. On Monday the members of the Congress and the Reception Committee dined with the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House.—The temporary premises of the Stoke Newington Free Library are now open to readers.—The historian of the Norman Conquest, Professor Freeman, delivered on Tuesday the inaugural address as President of the Birmingham and Midland Institute, devoting himself to an examination of the contrast between ancient and modern city life.

MRS. CATHERINE BOOTH, the wife and devoted helpmate of General Booth, of the Salvation Army, passed away peacefully last Saturday afternoon at Clacton-on-Sea, where she had been for eighteen months suffering from cancer, the malady which caused her death. She was born January 17, 1829, in the West of England, and her maiden name



MRS. CATHERINE BOOTH
Born January 17, 1829. Died October 4, 1890

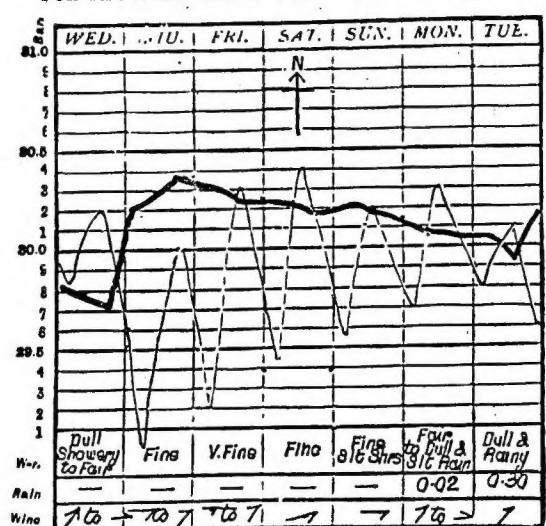
was Mumford. She was sixteen when she received her first religious impressions, and twenty-six when she married General Booth, who was then a Methodist preacher, and, in the course of her married life, the care of eight children devolved on her. Encouraged by her husband, she occasionally addressed his congregation, and once, during his illness, she not only took his place in the pulpit, but discharged all his pastoral duties. On the formation of the Salvation Army, she threw herself heart and soul into the movement, to the success of which her personal energy, her organising skill, and her oratorical gifts greatly contributed. Her preaching was of the kind which impresses the cultivated as well as the uncultivated, and its effect upon the former class is understood to have materially aided the finances of the army. She pleaded with special fervour the Temperance cause, and the adoption of total abstinence which is enjoined on all members of the Salvation Army owes much to her zealous advocacy. To her also is entirely due the simplicity of the dress worn by its female members. Throughout her career of ministerial labour, as it may be called, she superintended most carefully the education of her children, and her daughter was thus fitted to take the command of the Army on the Continent. The cancer which proved fatal to her had made its appearance about three years ago, and for more than a twelvemonth Mrs. Booth felt, especially as it was hereditary, that she would never recover. She beguiled the later period of her illness by writing her "Reminiscences," for she was a practised authoress as well as a speaker. She had written a number of works, all of which had a large circulation—among them "Godliness," "Heathen England," and "The Relation of the Salvation Army to the Church and State." The coffin containing her remains is lying this week in the Clapton Congress Hall, in which her youngest son was married, and which is being visited by crowds of mourners. The funeral will take place next Tuesday, October 14th, at Abney Park Cemetery, Stoke Newington, where many Salvationists have been interred.—Our portrait is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Co., 54, Cheapside, E.C.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in his seventy-third year, of Mr. Charles H. James, from 1880 to 1888, when he resigned, Liberal

M.P. for Merthyr Tydvil, where he had practised chiefly as a colliery lawyer; in his seventy-sixth year, of General Sir Frederick W. Hamilton, son of a late British Minister at Naples, and page of honour to George IV. and William IV., who, entering the Grenadier Guards, served throughout the Crimean campaign, was Military Attaché at Berlin from 1860 to 1862, Vice-President of the Council on Military Education from 1862 to 1866, Commander of the Forces in Scotland from 1866 to 1868, and who commanded the brigade of Guards from 1868 to 1870; in his forty-second year, of the Rev. W. Glanffrwyd Thomas, known in bardic terminology as "Glanffrwyd," the Welsh preacher, a prolific and popular poet, originally a Calvinistic Methodist pastor, afterwards a clergyman of the Church of England, and since 1878 Vicar of St. Asaph; in his eighty-fourth year, of Mr. George Barnard, landscape artist, well-known for his pictures of Alpine scenery, one of the earliest members of the Alpine Club, for a considerable period Drawing-Master at Rugby School, and author of several works useful to Art-students; in his eighty-eighth year, of Mr. Henry C. Selous, for many years an exhibitor at the Royal Academy, for thirty-five years a painter of Barker's (afterwards Burford's) panoramas, who executed the picture of the Great Exhibition of 1851, now in the South Kensington Museum, and the fresco of Alfred the Great at the Law Institute; and of Mrs. Mackay, one of the first and best of the nurses who were enlisted by Miss Florence Nightingale to serve under her in the Crimea, wife of Sergeant Mackay, of the 42nd Highlanders, whom she accompanied to discharge her duties in the Crimea.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1890

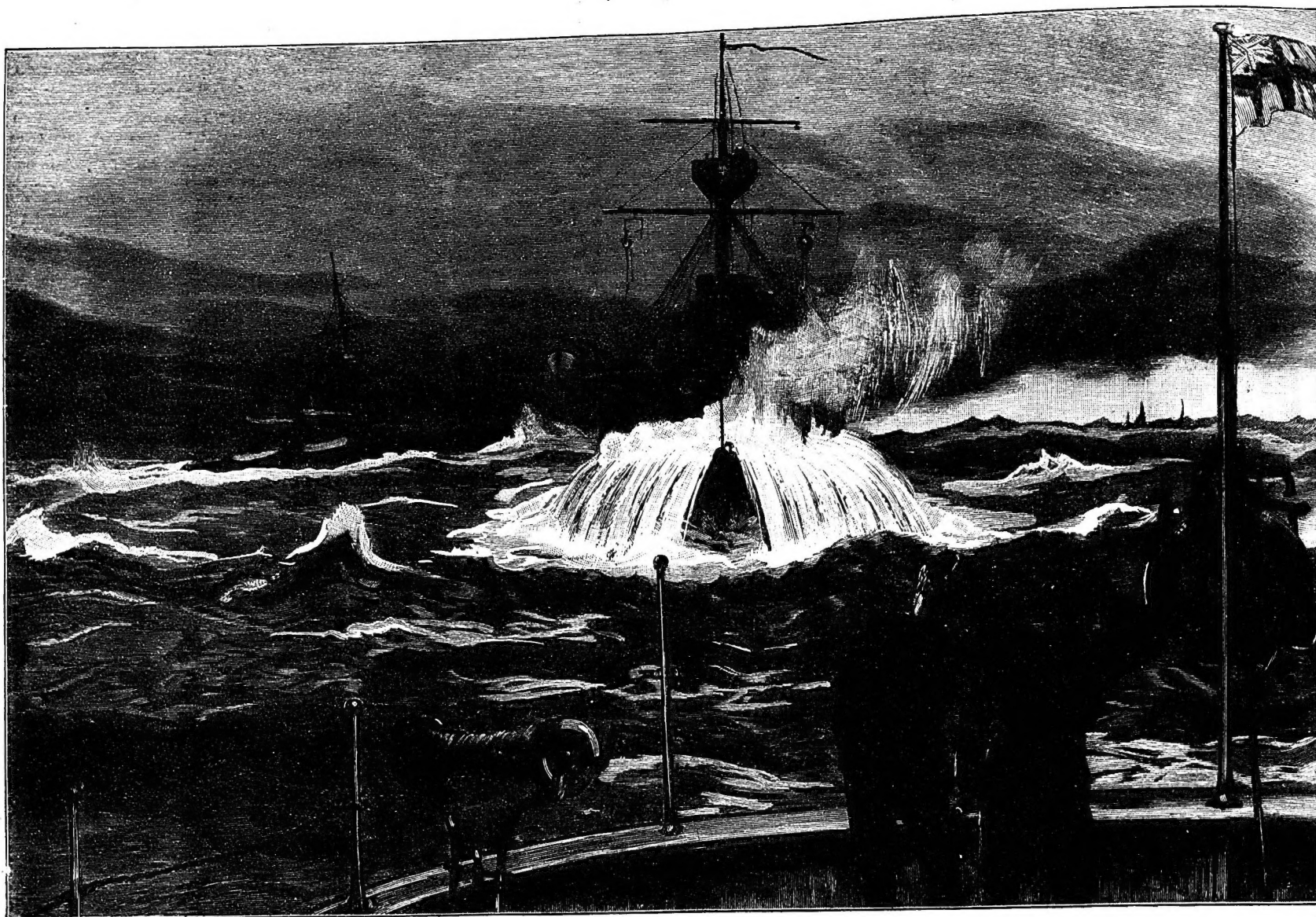


EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (7th inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

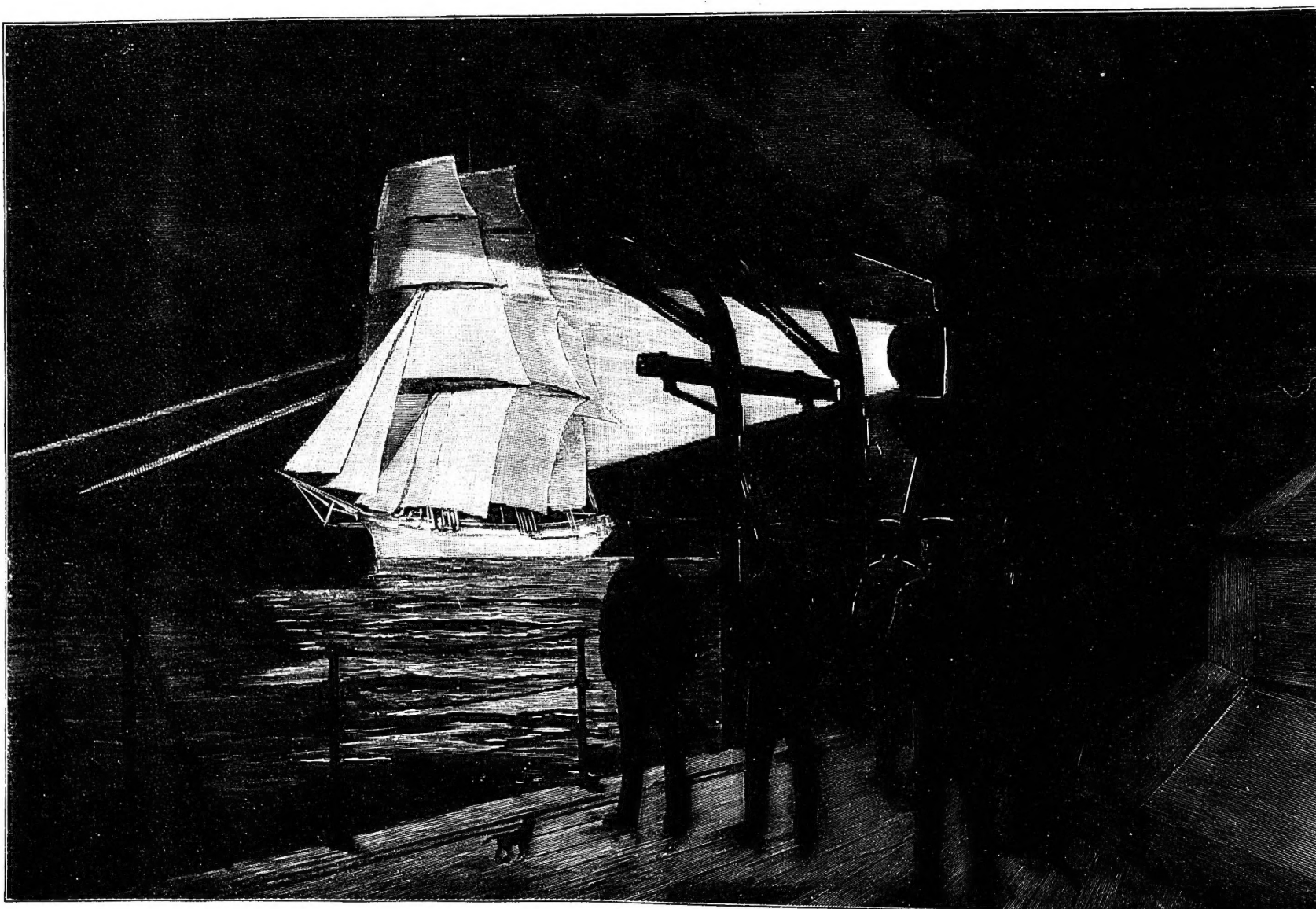
REMARKS.—The weather of the past week has been very unsettled and wet over Scotland, and to a lesser extent also in Ireland, but elsewhere the conditions have been, taken as a whole, fine and very favourable for the time of year. Exceptionally heavy amounts of rain have been measured at some Western Scotch Stations, as much as 3.54 inches being reported from Fort William, and 5.9 inches from Glencarron on Thursday (2nd inst.). At the latter place the aggregate for the week ending October 4th exceeded 11 inches. Pressure has been almost continuously highest to the Southward, and lowest to the Northward or North-Eastward of our Islands. At the beginning of the time a depression which had just crossed Scotland from the Westward was moving Eastwards, and was followed for a while by a rising barometer pretty generally. By Friday morning (3rd inst.), however, a fresh disturbance had reached the Shetland Isles from the Atlantic, and subsequently (apparently) travelled Northwards. Later on pressure continued lowest in the neighbourhood of Scandinavia. Thus, while North-Westerly breezes of some strength prevailed at first over the greater part of the country, South-Westerly to Westerly winds (frequently strong) predominated during the major portion of the week. The weather was mostly dull and very rainy in the North, and occasionally so in the West, but over England the temperature and percentage of bright sunshine were decidedly high for the season. At the close of the period less settled conditions were spreading Eastwards very generally. Average temperature has again been high. The absolute maxima, however, have fallen short of those of recent weeks, but over some inland parts of England have slightly exceeded 70° once or twice.

The barometer was highest (30.38 inches) on Thursday (2nd inst.); lowest (29.73 inches) on Wednesday (1st inst.); range 0.65 inch.
The temperature was highest (68°) on Saturday (4th inst.); lowest (40°) on Thursday (2nd inst.); range 28°.
Rain fell on two days. Total amount 0.32 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0.30 inch on Tuesday (7th inst.)

THE DAIRY SHOW.—In fifteen years a great representative British Dairy Show has been established from very humble beginnings, the annual exhibition now attracting visitors to the Agricultural Hall having 1,073 entries against 988 last year. In 1887 there were, however, 1,127 entries, but as now poultry counts 4,100 birds, against 3,600 in 1889, the present year's Show must be considered the grandest ever made in London. Then, too, there are 70 tons of cheese, 260 exhibits of butter, a very complete working dairy, and multitudinous specimens of separators, refrigerators, and other dairy appliances. Across the great aisle of the Hall—in the centre—is an elevated screen, pierced by three arches, which dominates the whole Show, being the Exhibit of the London Dairy Supply Company. To us the main feature of this enormous exhibit is its witness to London milk coming by railway. The regiment of cans hint the great industry that exists between the dappled meads in far-off counties and the breakfast tables of the metropolis through the railways. A general glance at the whole dairy stock favours mostly the Shorthorns, next the Guernsey and Ayrshire breeds, then the Kerries, and lastly the beautiful Jerseys—for these last, that should be first, have a skeletoned appearance owing to the great drain on their frames by the quantity of the rich milk yielded. Should an animal be robbed of more milk than would feed and fatten her calf? Some Dutch visitors present were asked if they approved the thrice-a-day milking done in many parts of Holland. Their reply was, "No, twice a day takes all the milk a cow should give." Her Majesty's exhibit, Paymaster, a Shorthorn bull, takes first prize. Amongst other exhibitors were the Duke of Marlborough, Lords Aberdeen, Cadogan, and Hampden, and the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. For Shorthorn cows in milk Mr. Spencer's animals had first, second, and third prizes. In the large classes of Jerseys, the first prize for Cows and Lord Mayor's Champion Cup went to Mrs. Crookes, of Totton, Hampshire, a county notable for its fine Jersey stock. The prize-takers for Jersey bulls were Mr. Arkwright, Mr. James Blyth, and Lord Rothschild. For Kerry and Dexter Kerry cows, first and second prizes went to Mr. Martin John Sutton. The goats were exhibited in a side shed, and the Working Dairy competitions took place in a separate compartment—well adapted for the purpose, except for wanting daylight-reflectors to brighten up the shady side. Bread made with skim-milk was shown, without much of a lesson, since such milk may be best recommended as a drink, bread as a food being already good enough.



AN IRONCLAD IN A HEAVY SEA MAKING "NEPTUNE'S BEARDS"



THE "PHANTOM SHIP"—A SAILING VESSEL "RUNNING THE ELECTRIC GAUNTLET"
AN AUTUMN CRUISE WITH THE CHANNEL SQUADRON



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

"Come, lad, pull off my boots."

"URITH: A TALE OF DARTMOOR"

By S. BARING GOULD, M.A.,

AUTHOR OF "MEHALAH," "JOHN HERRING," "COURT ROYAL," &c.

CHAPTER XXXI.

FAMILY JARS

"WHAT is the meaning of the strange talk that is about concerning thee and Elizabeth Cleverdon?" asked Julian of her brother at breakfast next morning.

"Nay, that is putting on me more than I can do. I should be sorry to account for all the idle talk that blows and drifts about on the stream of conversation, like leaves of autumn on a trout pool."

"I heard it yesterday, and you certainly showed her great attention so long as you were at the dance."

"Did I show her more attention than you showed to one I do not name? Faith! if I had listened to and picked up the scraps of scandal cast about, I might have filled an apron with what wanton words I heard concerning thee."

He looked hard at Julian, and their eyes met. She coloured, but shook off her embarrassment, and turned to her father and said, "The saying is that my brother is setting his cap to catch Bessie Cleverdon."

Mr. Crymes became grave, and looked at his son. He was a stern and Puritanical man, who had kept himself aloof from his children, never entering into their amusements, or concerning himself with what they did. Julian's fortune was assured to her, and his son would inherit something, the relics of the paternal estate, and what he had saved when managing for Julian.

"Is there anything in this, Anthony?" he asked. "On my honour, I am surprised."

"There is truth and there is falsehood in it," answered Fox, carelessly. "It has come to this, that as Julian cannot be Anthony Cleverdon's wife, it lies open to her to become his mother. Old Master Cleverdon is nothing loth, and, if she will accept him, she will have the opportunity of bringing the father to good terms with the son, for, from what I have seen, the happiness of Tony lies very near to my sister's heart. If she declines the old man, I shall try my fortune with his daughter."

"This is absurd, Fox," said Julian, highly incensed.

"Absurd it may be—but the old gentleman has his head full of it, and has commissioned me to sound his way with you."

"Be silent," said Julian, very red, and very angry, "I do not believe one word of this; but that you are aiming at Bessie I do believe, though when I asked her about it she had no knowledge of anything of the kind."

"Before we proceed to consider my affairs, let us settle yours," said Fox. "Am I to tell Squire Cleverdon of Hall that you will

not favour his suit, being already too deep gone in attachment to the son?"

"Silence to that slanderous tongue!" said Mr. Crymes, wrathfully. "Julian at one time was thought of in reference to young Tony Cleverdon, but he did not fancy her, and took Urith Malvine. From that moment the name of Tony Cleverdon, in connection with my daughter and your sister, is not to be employed in jest or earnest, by you or any other. Understand that."

"Then," said Fox, with his eye on his father, out of the corner, "let her keep herself out of folks' mouths, and not be like a rat I saw 'tother day, that ran into the jaws of my terrier, mistaking his open mouth for a run."

"What is he aiming at?" inquired Mr. Crymes, turning to his daughter. "I know he has a wicked tongue, but I cannot think he can speak without some occasion."

"There is nothing—that is to say—" Julian became confused. "Why may I not speak to—why not dance with an old, old friend?"

"I have no command to lay on you not to speak to, not to dance with, an old friend," said her father, "but everything in moderation; take notice from your brother that evil eyes look out for occasion, therefore give none. If Ahab had no weak places in his armour, the bow drawn at a venture would not have sent an arrow to him with death at the point. No bluebottles are bred where carrion is not found."

Julian looked down abashed, then, with woman's craft, shifted the subject.

"It is nonsense that Tony speaks. I do not believe for an instant that Master Cleverdon has any suit for me in his head—if he has, no marvel if folk talk, but God be wi' me, it will not be I who occasion it."

"What do you mean by this?" asked the father, now turning to his son. "Has my friend Cleverdon said aught to justify you?"

"My dear father, if you wish it, and Julian does not object, he will step from the position of good friend into son. He has cast an eye on Kilworthy, and as Kilworthy cannot be had without Julian, eye on Kilworthy, and as Kilworthy cannot be had without Julian, i' faith, he will take both."

"Let him dare to offer this to me!" exclaimed Julian, "and until he does, pass it over. I refuse to accept any message through such a go-between."

"It is no fault of mine," said Fox, "if the father thinks that some of the overspill of love and languishment for his son may redound to him. I do not see how Jule, if she desire to chastise her faithless lover for having despised her charms, can do so more

effectually and more cuttingly than by taking his father. Then Tony Cleverdon is in her hands absolutely. She can reconcile his father to him or tear them apart for ever. She can bring him, if she will, to bite the dust at her feet, to fawn at her knee, and to a woman such power is precious."

"That suffices," said Mr. Crymes; "you heard what was her answer. She will speak no more on this matter with you. If Cleverdon comes to me with the suit, I will know what reply to make; if he goes to Julian, she can answer him herself. Meanwhile do you keep silence thereon. I but half trust what thou sayest. Such fancies breed in thy perverse mind. Come now to the other matter. Is it true that you see Elizabeth Cleverdon? For her sake I trust not, for I esteem her exceeding well as much as I reckon thee below the general level of good men. If I thought there was aught mendable in thee that could be shaped by the hands of a good wife, I would say God prosper thee. But I fear me thou art over-rotten at the heart to be ripened to any good, over-hard to be moulded to a vessel of honour."

"I do not see why you should think so ill of me, father," said Fox, sullenly; "unless it be that your ear has drunk in all the complaints Julian has poured out against me. What she says you accept, what I say you cast away. Then, I fancy, the time is come when you will be glad to have me married and got rid of."

"You do seek marriage?"

"I seek to be away from those who flout and despise me, who cross me and mistrust me. At least Squire Cleverdon and I understand each other, and regard each other."

"Yes," broke in Julian; "for in each is the same yeast of sourness."

"Be silent, Julian," commanded her father. "Let me hear the boy out."

"What concern me the quirks and hints I hear concerning Jule?" pursued Fox, unable, in spite of his father, to contain himself from a stroke at his sister; "let them fly about thick as midges, they are naught to me—they do not sting me. Why, father, you should grudge me Bessie Cleverdon, I cannot see. If you respect her so highly—think so excellent well of her—I doubt but no other maid would so content you as a daughter-in-law as she."

"A better girl does not exist," answered Mr. Crymes. "I would desire her a better fate than to be united to thee."

"She is not comely, that is a fact," continued Fox, "but she will be the richest heiress in all the Tavistock district—between here and Plymouth and Exeter. Now that Master Cleverdon has fallen out with his son, and that there is no riddance by Anthony of

"You have puddled the whole floor," answered the young man. "Then it is equal for both of us. I have given thee many advantages, boy."

"I want none. I will have none." His eye was on the old man's bald head; the sting of the blows he had received had exasperated him past consideration of what was due to an aged man, the uncle of his wife. The blows had numbed in him every sense save anger. He longed to be able to numb that smooth round skull, and so revenge his humiliations and relieve his ill-humour. But he could not reach that glossy pate, not smite which way he would, so dexterous was the ward of Uncle Sol, so ready was his eye, and quick his arm in responding to his eye.

Not an advantage of any kind could he get over his adversary; he rained his blows fast, in the fury of his disappointment, hoping to beat down the guard by mere weight of blows; and Uncle Sol saw that Tony was blinded with wrath and had lost all sense of play, having passed into angry earnest. Then he twirled the stick from Anthony's hand once more, so that it flew to the ceiling, struck that, and fell by the hearth.

Mr. Gibbs laughed. "Mine again, Tony, boy!" He cast himself into the settle by the fire, stretched forth his legs, and said, "Come, pull off my boots."

Anthony stood lowering at him, panting and hot.

"He strip't him to the waist,
He boldly Trefry faced,
I'll let him know
That I can throw
As well as he to-day!
So little Jan, huzzah!
And some said so—but others, No,
'Trefry, Trefry, huzzah!"

Sol sang lustily, with his hands in his pockets and his legs extended.

"Come, lad, down on your knees, and off with my boots."

Anthony did stoop, he went on one knee, not on both, and not to pull off the old man's boots, but to pick up his singletstick, whirl it round his head, and level a blow at the head of the undefended Uncle Sol; the blow would have fallen, had not Urith, who had entered the room at that moment, sprung forward, and caught it in her hand.

"Coward!" she exclaimed, "Coward!—my uncle! an old man! I hate you. Would God I had never seen you!"

He had hurt her hand, he saw it, for she caught it to her bosom, then put it to her mouth, but her eyes glared at him over her hand like white lightning.

"A scurvy trick, lad—did not think thee capable of it," said Uncle Sol. "Has he hurt thee, child?"

He stood up.

Anthony flung the singletstick from him with an oath, put his hand to his brow, stood for a minute confronting Urith, looking into her fiery eyes, without exculpation, without a word. Then he turned, took up Uncle Sol's hat, without observing that it was not his own, flung it on his head, and went forth.

(To be continued)

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

THE most recent addition to Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Cameo Series" will find many appreciative readers. It is a translation by Miss Harriet Waters Preston into English verse of Frédéric Mistral's "Miréio." More than thirty years have come and gone since literary Paris was excited and charmed by the appearance of this work. A pastoral poem in twelve cantos, composed in the dialect of the "Bouches du Rhône," and first issued by an obscure bookseller at Avignon, it was produced with a parallel French version of the author's own, very singular and rather *savage* as French, but exceedingly bold, picturesque, and poetic, while the poem had the further advantage of a most eloquent and sympathetic introduction in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of September 15th, 1859, by Saint-René Taillandier. In her preface Miss Preston gives us an interesting and lucid account of the self-styled Provençal Revival, to which we owe the production of "Miréio," and in which the names of Roumanille, Aubanel, and Mistral figure with so much prominence. The translator has, to our thinking, performed her task exceedingly well, retaining the idyllic southern atmosphere of the original with an easy grace. The uninitiated might easily fail to suspect that they had before them a rendering of a provincial dialect of a foreign language. Let us quote two stanzas from Canto III., descriptive of "The Cocooning":—

When under the leaves of the Spanish broom
The clear silk-worms are hidden,
An artist each, in a tiny loom,
Weaving a web all golden—
Fine, frail cells, out of sunlight spun,
Where they creep and sleep by the million.
Glad is Provence on a day like that,
'Tis the time of jest and laughter:
The Ferigoulet and the Baume Muscat
They quaff, and they sing thereafter,
And lads and lasses, their toils between,
Dance to the tinkling tambourine.

"Gatherings" (Simpkin, Marshall) is a collection of verse and prose, whose author is modestly screened behind the initials "C. E. W." In point of merit there is little to choose between either form of literary expression as here exemplified, and we are lost in wonder as to what must be the general character of the field of garden whose most delightful and selected products are contained in these "Gatherings." Let us start with the first verse of the first poem:—

In this world, if you want to be happy,
Set your mind on things above, not below;
And you shall have strength makes you hearty,
And builds you up. Oh, just so!

This is excellent, but not profound. "Oh, just so!" Of course a mind of this quality dwells on the vicissitudes of the seasons as a moral good all-round stock subject. So we have:—

January, what shall I say of thee?
That thou art the beginning of the great New Year.
February, what shall I say of thee?
That after thy showers thou bringest good cheer.
March, what shall I say of thee?
Thy storms are followed by calm pleasantries.

There are two hundred and thirty-nine pages in this volume made up of verse and prose of much the same merit, as far as originality and form go, as the citations printed above.

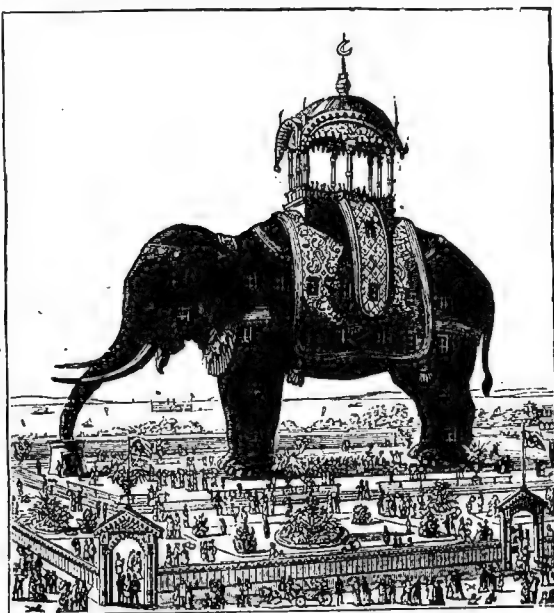
BOUND VOLUMES OF THE MAGAZINES make capital presents. Among others we have received the *English Illustrated Magazine* (Macmillan), containing a multitude of interesting articles, illustrated in the customary excellent manner, and two serials, "The Ring of Anaxis," by Lord Lytton, and "The Glittering Plain," by William Morris, together with many fine-art subjects. "Little Folks" (Cassell's) will come as a boon and a blessing to the children for whom it caters. In *His Name* is the *Ragged School Quarterly*, in a new dress, and gives much interesting information as to the work of the Ragged School and Mission Union, by which it is published. Mr. Elliot Stock sends us the *Antiquary*, and Mr. Alexander Gardner the *Sun*, which will be welcomed by those interested in things ancient and modern respectively.

CONEY ISLAND, NEW YORK STATE

ENGLISHMEN have their Rosherville Gardens, New Yorkers have their Coney Island. In both places it is possible to spend a happy day, in both places it is not outside the bounds of probability to spend a miserable one.

Coney Island is a low, flat, marshy piece of land, with nothing whatever to recommend it in the way of scenery. The steamers from New York make the journey in about an hour and a-half. The shore of the island is covered with booths and wooden erections of every sort, including a rink, which, at the time it was built, was, like all American institutions, the largest in the world, though by this time it may have passed away into the limbo of forgotten amusements, or have been turned into a swimming-bath, or cock-pit. A sort of universal fair of the good old type is carried on there during the season; merry-go-rounds and switchback railways attract these; those are drawn irresistibly towards the fat woman, or the boy with lobster-claws instead of hands. Try-your-weights in every direction tempt the budding Hercules. The *discoboli* of the nineteenth century hurl their missiles against the full-sized dummy men which in that gallant country take the place of our Aunt Sallies.

There is a huge elevator, erected before the days of Eiffel and Watkin Towers, which is 300 ft. high, and from the top of which a view of the country for fifty miles round is obtained. There is also a well-organised bathing-place. The pier at which the passengers by steamboat disembark is provided with two decks, as it were, on the lower of which are a number of boxes for men and women. Valuables are left in charge of two women, and put in a caged safe. A bathing suit is given to each person, together with the key of his dressing-box, which he hangs round his neck, and bears with him into the water. Every possible precaution is taken to prevent anything from being lost on the pier, or any person from drowning amongst the innumerable iron pillars and girders which support it. The shore is hard sand, and slopes out very gradually. Stakes and ropes divide the water into divisions, and there is room for an almost unlimited number of bathers. The charge is 25 cents, or about a shilling. There is also a circular railway, upon which for 5 cents a world of exhilarating excitement may be enjoyed. Being circular, the truck in which the passengers sit is apparently in danger of going off at a tangent; it is thus more exciting than travelling on the ordinary switchback railway so well known to frequenters of our own exhibitions. But the sight of Coney Island is her quaint elephant, of which we give an illustration.



THE CONEY ISLAND ELEPHANT BAZAAR

Like a great Colossus of Rhodes, this huge monster may be seen by passengers on the Atlantic liners as they draw near Sandy Hook and New York Bay. Miles away they can see its howdah, glistening in the morning sun, and wonder what manner of thing it is.

It is, in fact, nothing more than a huge bazaar built in the form of an elephant, and covered with flakes of wood, or shingles, and painted a sombre dun or mouse colour, to resemble the genuine article. It stands 122 ft. in height, and is 150 ft. long. It is divided into head, side, thigh, shoulder, cheek, limb, throat, and stomach rooms. Visitors enter its mysterious precincts by a door at the foot of the right hind leg, and up by a winding stair into a small thigh-room, dimly lighted, where cakes and light refreshments are being served. The next room is the stomach-room, the floor of the animal's belly, which is also poorly lighted. This room is fitted up with stalls, and is used as a bazaar. Higher still is the side-room, built in the shape of a balcony, round the top of the stomach-room, and from which can be seen the stalls of the bazaar below. There are lesser rooms all round the balcony, each with a small window. There is one behind each ear, and one behind each eye, the latter lighted by the eyes themselves. Thence the ascent is up into the howdah, which commands an extensive view over the surrounding country.

A vast number of people visit Coney Island every year, and many interesting statistics have been collected relating thereto.

In one summer two hotels are said to have taken 1,500,000 dols. during the season. In an average season one car-load of wine is sold on Manhattan beach alone, or the contents of about 360,000 quart bottles. The pyrotechnic displays consumed 1,200 lbs. of powder. At the bathing-pavilion 45,000 bathers were registered in a season. The baggage-man handed over 25,000 parcels to the guests of the two hotels. At the rifle-gallery 50,000 bullets were fired, and the aggregate weight of the lead was about a ton. Even the weighing-man weighed an average of 100 persons a day in his big scales, or about 1,500,000 lbs. of human flesh.

The drink flows in torrents. One of the principal restaurant-proprietors paid his brewer about 60,000 dols. for 37,000 kegs of beer. As 150 glasses go to the keg, this means a consumption of 5,500,000 glasses at one restaurant alone. At four cigar-stands 50,000 dols. worth of tobacco were sold.

Even the merry-go-rounds did not escape the vigilance of the statistician. The average wooden horse, he tells us, goes round his circle about eight times a minute, or about 2,000 times a day.

The distance traversed by the skaters on the Great Rink was estimated at 1,500,000 miles for the season, or sixty times the circumference of the earth.

One of the hotel proprietors calculated that he had supplied his guests with refreshments on the following gigantic scale:—100,000 kegs of lager beer, 650,000 miscellaneous drinks, 500,000 cigars, 6,000 sheep, 500,000 chickens, 10,000,000 eggs, 500,000 gallons of 6,000 clam chowder, 10,000,000 clams, 25 tons of fish—a gargantuan feast truly, but in America we expect to find everything on a vast and colossal scale. Wherever the dollars are piled up in millions, there

the American is in the midst of them, contributing gladly his dollar to the mighty mass, adding another's, with equal glee, to increase his own.

Everything at Coney Island betokens reckless profusion, hearty enjoyment, and splendid spirits, while towering above all, gazing mutely upon all this wild frivolity, stands the great, grim, colossal elephant, emblem of the creation-whipping Yankee, mighty monument of Transatlantic bigness, showiness, and vulgarity.

T. T. G.

HEDGEROW PHEASANTS

THE hedgerow pheasant is the wandering member of his race who, while the majority, some younger, some older, are safely ensconced within the green jungle of hazel which still protects them against systematic shooting, offers a First of October chance to the sportsman strolling in the old-fashioned way round the hedgerows. But these must be genuine hedgerows of bramble, hazel, holly, and elder, with whitethorn fastnesses and a deep dry ditch, along which the lordly, but shy and wary, bird can run. Since the first mention of the gorgeous new comer from Phasis was made by ancient English chroniclers—the earliest date of its existence seems to have been in 1299, when it was valued at 4d. of that epoch's money, and a receipt to "boile fesant" is found in Richard II.'s cook's book, 1391,—the pheasant has always been in its main habits a woodland bird, much differing from the partridge therein, though both are often found temporary companions in clover, turnip, or potato field. But the true home of the pheasant is the "good greenwood." It loves the copse where the hazel bushes shade long tangled grass adorned with hyacinth and foxglove, and all the better if a rippling brook runs through its home, or an osier bed or stretch of rustling reeds on the river's bank be near—and amidst trees and bushes, and especially as Mary Howitt has sung, do we find in

the woods with the silvery rind,
The emerald tresses afloat on the wind,
The beautiful pheasant that loves to be
Where the young green birches are waving free.

And in such secure and charming solitudes with the luxuriance of vegetation will the pheasant usually in early October

cover down, as if to screen
His gorgeous purple, gold, and green,

where as yet neither guns nor dogs will be able to make them victims. But individual pheasants are fond of an early stroll along the hedgerows, especially if there be any of the good old type which our grandfathers loved in the flint and steel days, but which are the detestation of modern high farming. And they who also like an early stroll with dog and gun, the dog for choice a good Cumber or Sussex spaniel, thoroughly broken to hunt steadily, close to the gun, and to retrieve tenderly and quietly, will find in this humble way that several shots will be obtained, and a small bag of pheasants secured with—at any rate to our thinking—much sport of the most interesting character, although the professional pheasant-shooter, if we may use the phrase, disdains the idea of anything but a "warm corner" in November.

It will also be found in the hedgerow pheasant that he is a shy, a wary, and a hard-running bird, which though sometimes called "stupid" has recourse to various stratagems before he is compelled to take wing, and will lead the dog a long dance along the hedge, emerging like a skyrocket (and shaking, however great one's self-confidence, the unaccustomed nerves) from the hedge at a very different point from that where he was seen to run into the hedge, or was found therein by the keen-nosed dog. If the hedgerows border fields which contain potatoes, beans, or above all buck-wheat, the chances of brisk sport are very great indeed, provided that the mistake has not been made of putting off the sport till too far into the day, for hedgerow shooting is essentially a morning operation. And on a misty day we have enjoyed in such localities some of the best sport.

It is often found that the greater number of pheasants killed from the hedgerows are young and presumably inexperienced birds, and some people generalise on this. But, so far as our own and, doubtless, many others' experience goes, there is no general rule. All pheasants are fond of wandering, old and young, especially self-reared ones, which on an extent of varied cover of all degrees of thickness afford perhaps the most genuine sport of all as regards the completeness of its surroundings. And on foggy mornings they frequently wander from their close retreats, while in bright sunshine they mostly keep to the depths of the woods. But in such mornings when

From the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings,

it will often be found that some of the most splendid old cocks, in the most gorgeous plumage, will become the object of the shooter (and will sometimes go off unharmed), as well as the younger and less-experienced birds. And as to the way in which the pheasants dodge the dogs, there is only a difference of degree between young and old. There is sport in this hedgerow-shooting which might be new to those who look on it with contempt, expressed or implied.

A partridge in a hedgerow is a commonplace bird in comparison. When found he is usually flushed, not running unless wounded. But the pheasant in the hedge is often a feathered fox, turning, doubling, and doing all that he can to avoid taking to his wings, and, indeed, often manages to get the better of a very slow spaniel by finding his way at last to "scuttle" into the friendly copse. Hence there are all the pleasures of suspense, excitement, and anticipation, culminating in the noisy rise from the cover, which will often be a far more stringent test of nerve and eye than the inexperienced shooter always, and the experienced one sometimes, imagines.

The hedgerow has charms for the pheasant of which the mere shooter, as distinguished from the shooter-naturalist, is unaware. Hand-reared pheasants are brought up for future slaughter—though we fully admit that the slaughter of "rocketers" demands the highest skill with the gun, a fact often overlooked by ignorant people. Hand-reared pheasants live on the daintiest fare, under the keeper's fostering, but fatal, care. But they, even as do the wild, self-reared ones, love hedge-foraging. And their bill of fare then is an agreeable contrast to the luxuries of the coops and the feeding-whistle. The pheasant likes blackberries, sloes, haws, seeds of various kinds, tender leaves, and insects. How the old-fashioned hedgerow offers all these! And this is the reason, by the way, why the farmer's or cottager's common barndoor hen which "steals her nest," or the duck which does the same thing, will come home after a prolonged absence with a splendid brood behind her far excelling usually in numbers, and always in health and hardiness, any of the highest-bred chicks or ducklings reared under artificial care. The hedgerow of the old type is the joy alike of feather, fur, and shooter.

F. G. W.

ALTHOUGH THE GREAT PARIS EXHIBITION closed nearly a year ago, all the prizes in the Lottery are not yet decided, and the final drawing takes place on the 15th inst. Tickets have gone up to 8f. 50c. apiece, and the highest prize to be obtained is 2,000f. Ruins of the Exhibition still cumber the Champ de Mars close to the buildings which are to be retained. The Hall of the Arts Libéraux has been used for cycling, pony, and fox-terrier races, while the great Machinery Gallery will next year house the Fat Cattle Show, which has hitherto been much cramped in the Palais de l'Industrie. For the present, the latter building may serve as a riding-school, used by the cavalry in the morning and the fashionable world in the afternoon during the winter.

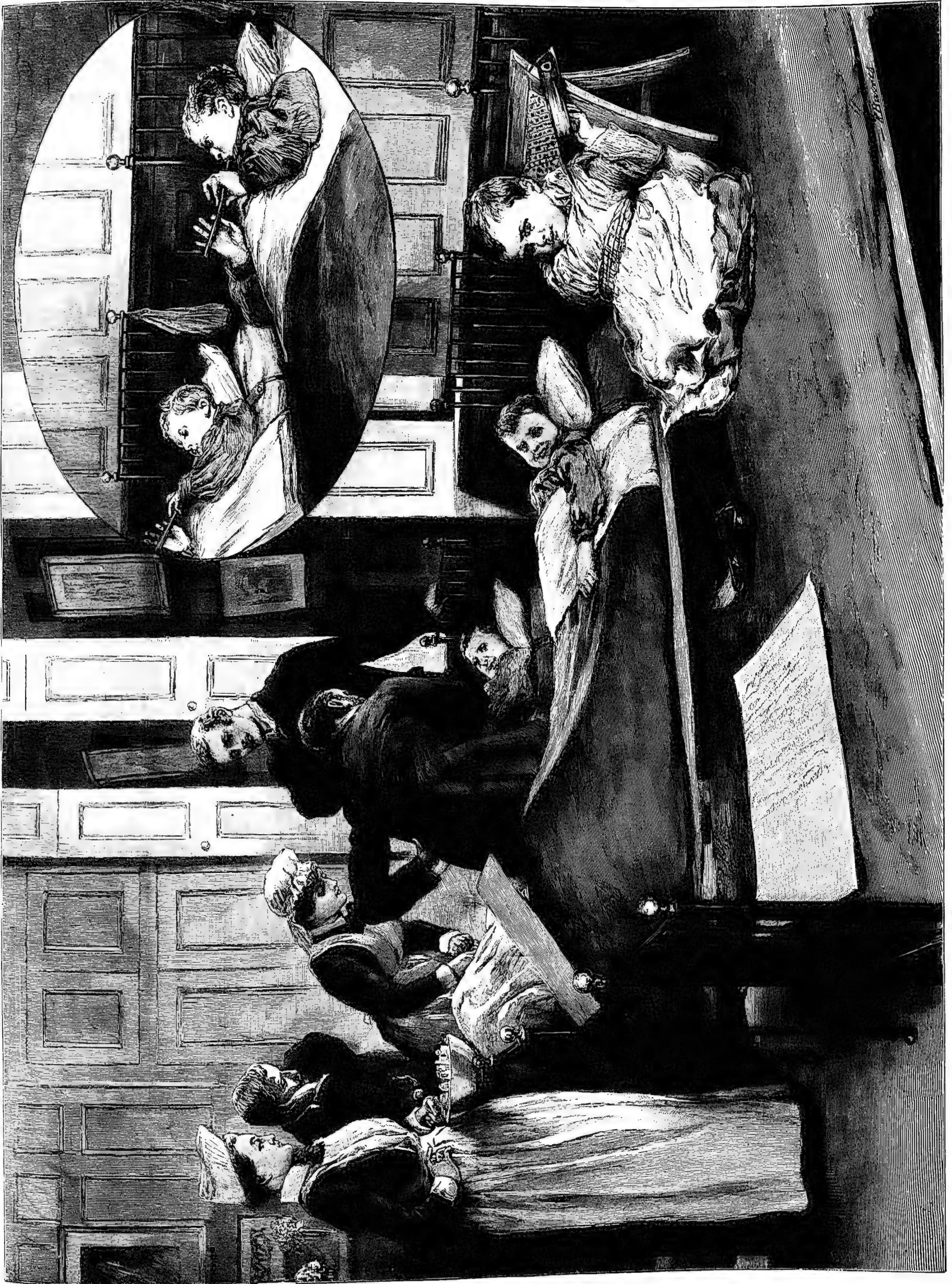


THE EDINBURGH WARD—YOUNG CONVALESCENTS
THE ALEXANDRA HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN WITH HIP DISEASE



A MEETING OF THE POPULAR MUSICAL UNION FOR THE TRAINING AND RECREATION OF THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES

THE ALEXANDRA WARD—MUSIC HATH ITS CHARMS



THE ALEXANDRA HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN WITH HIP DISEASE
THE SCHACHNAR WARD—THE MORNING ROUND



THE introduction of the new Tariff by the UNITED STATES has caused intense excitement. During the past week, vast quantities of goods poured into the States from foreign countries and over the Canadian border, importers complaining bitterly that they lost a day by the fresh duties coming into force on Monday, as Sunday is a *dies non*. However, thanks to popular clamour, the New York Customs were kept open till midnight on Saturday, instead of closing as usual at 3 P.M., and this delay enabled three big vessels to land huge cargoes. The *Etruria* ran it so close that she only got in at 11 P.M., when the captain was taken ashore in a fast tug, galloped in a coach and pair to the Custom House, and handed in his papers just fifty seconds before midnight, thus saving 100,000*l.* on the increased dues. Two more large boats came in on Sunday, bringing important consignments of champagne and tobacco, and a fierce argument ensued with the Customs authorities, who stood to their orders that no clearance-papers are issued on Sundays. The captains insist that they entered before the new tariff, and, as similar claims are raised by three vessels at Boston, the cases may probably come before the Courts. Sailing vessels were hurried on equally, and fleets of tugs patrolled the coast for their benefit, while extra trains were arranged to bring products from British North America. The Government expect to realise 200,000*l.* by the new duties on the delayed cargoes, but, to avoid this payment, owners propose to place most of the dutiable goods in bond and ship them elsewhere. Whilst the Protectionists glory in their success, the bulk of the American public realise that the new duties will be anything but an unmixed blessing. The expense of living is already so high that the middle and poorer classes must suffer from the general advance in prices which has already begun. Rich people can afford to pay highly for foreign imports, but when such necessities as clothes, shoes, and carpets rise in cost, it is a very serious matter for moderate purses. Grievous lamentations against the tariff continue in foreign countries. SPAIN dreads the effect on her wines and fruits, and retaliates by delaying the new Cuban tariff, which would have benefited American imports, while AUSTRIA denounces the "message of hatred" and "piracy" in no unmeasured terms, although hopes are held out that some arrangement may be made for the mother-of-pearl industry. CANADA resents the American action very strongly; indeed, at a meeting at St. John's, New Brunswick, Ministerial speeches even asserted that the tariff was an effort to force Canada into the Union. Sir John Macdonald, however, took a more hopeful view, prophesying that new avenues would open for Canadian trade, especially now that the Pacific Railway are putting on a line of powerful vessels to the East, while arrangements are being made to set the finest steamers afloat between the Dominion and Great Britain. Whilst thus shutting herself up within her own borders, the United States entertains the foreign delegates of the Iron and Steel Congress with much cordiality, providing banquets, congratulatory speeches, and excursions in plenty. Another foreign guest, the Comte de Paris, has also been welcomed heartily, but as a comrade of the war-times, not in a political capacity. Thus President Harrison and Mr. Blaine excused themselves from meeting the Comte at present, and he has been entertained chiefly by old friends. Much wrath is expressed in Irish-American circles with those British journals which have criticised the charitable appeal made to establish an Irish Famine Fund in the States, and England is treated to violent abuse. The Mormons in Utah have, at last, yielded to Government and popular pressure. President Woodruff has issued an important manifesto abolishing polygamy, while endorsing other Mormon doctrines, and now that the Church Conference have approved his action, the Saints hope to obtain equal privileges with the Gentiles.

Emperor William has returned to GERMANY after a week's excellent sport in AUSTRIA. Several German and Austrian journals have tried to sow discord by pointing out that neither the Austrian heir presumptive nor the Ministers met the Emperor at Vienna, thus implying that the political relations are not so cordial as before. But both Emperors insisted on observing the visit simply as one of friendship and private enjoyment, and their stay at Mürzzug was most unceremonious, the two Sovereigns attending Mass in the little village church, where they sat amongst the peasants. Two days were spent at Radmer for chamois hunting, and the Emperors parted on Wednesday, Emperor William travelling back to Berlin to make ready for the King of the Belgians, who comes next week. During his absence, the long-expected change occurred at the War Office, where General von Verdy du Vernois is replaced by General von Kalkenborn-Stachau, a brilliant soldier, and more accustomed to Parliamentary strife than his predecessor. Much satisfaction is felt that the Sultan of Zanzibar has at last decided to relinquish his Sovereign rights over the German districts in EAST AFRICA in return for 200,000*l.*, which, apparently, will be paid by the East Africa Company, not the Government. The Vitu massacre still produces much abuse of England, for the murder of Herr Kuntzel and his companions is ascribed to the Sultan being enraged at the Anglo-German Agreement, which dealt with him so unceremoniously. The Vitu people seem to have been very hostile to the Germans, and, on Herr Kuntzel attempting to leave Vitu, where he had been summoned by the Sultan, the fatal conflict ensued. The district is most disturbed, and all missionaries have fled.

Other European countries still find the African question distract their home policy. The long Ministerial crisis in PORTUGAL arises mainly from this cause, as Senhor Martens Ferrao could not form a conciliation Cabinet which would carry out the Anglo-Portuguese Convention. Further, he objected to inheriting the corrupt home policy of his predecessors, and so gave up the attempt. General d'Abreu e Souza, a Moderate Progressist, then undertook the task. Again, ITALY waits anxiously for the result of the Anglo-Italian negotiations respecting the Red Sea district. Though the debates are kept secret, it is well known that the possession of Kassala is the great point, Italy pleading that the place would be most important to her in the event of Dervish attacks on her territory, while EGYPT is equally anxious to retain the town as a defence against the Abyssinians. Italian pretensions in Africa are being roundly condemned by FRANCE, Signor Crispi's frank remarks to the *Figaro* correspondent having won him general abuse from the French as well as from his own countrymen. Most French journals have long opposed the Italian Premier, and now they bring his good faith into question, and declare that he wants Tripoli as the reward of renewing the Triple Alliance. On their side, the Italian Press assert that the French misinterpret the Premier's confidences, and hope that Signor Crispi will explain himself in his eagerly-expected speech at Florence this week.

FRANCE congratulates herself on having avoided a troublesome and unpopular colonial expedition. Thanks to the good sense of Admiral De Cuverville, commanding the blockading squadron off the coast of Dahomey, and the tact shown by the missionary, Father Dorgère, peace has been signed with King Béhanzin. The French gain just what they wanted—the harbour of Kotonou and the protectorate of Porto Novo, while Dahomey retains Whydah.

Thus the French Cabinet will be able to meet the Chamber in triumph when the Deputies re-assemble on the 20th instant, though plenty of other difficulties loom ahead. There is the Tariff Bill to be considered, complicated by the changes in the United States, and the Boulangist revelations will cause some lively scenes, the militant M. Laur intending to ask the Chamber to prosecute him, and thus clear his character. He promises further startling communications, but for the present the flood is stayed through the dangerous illness of M. Mermeix. The effect of these disclosures, coupled with the Comte de Paris's letter, is shown even among the clergy, one priest near Havre declaring his adherence to the Republic at a public meeting. However, the Republicans are rather suspicious of new recruits, and are summoning the Radicals to defeat the latest Conservative accession to their ranks, M. de Caraman, in the election at Rambouillet. Now another Pretender, Don Carlos, raises his voice, and in a letter to a devoted adherent, M. de Valori, asserts his position as the eldest heir of the Crown of Spain and France. His letter is as much derided as that of the Comte de Paris. Altogether the political season is fast re-opening, President Carnot and the Cabinet having returned to town, while the fashionable world in Paris is also coming back. In the provinces, the lace-workers' strike at Calais is still acute.

Most important military manoeuvres will take place in INDIA this cold season. The chief operations will be held on the Afghan frontier, near Attock, on the Indus, simulating an invasion from Afghanistan. The Northern, or Peshawur, force of 9,000 men, under Brigadier-General Keen, will represent the enemy trying to pass the Indus in face of the defenders, 8,000 strong, under Major-General Lockhart, massed on the other side of the river. Real fighting will proceed on the north-eastern frontier, as a force starts in January to punish the Northern Lushais, who have advanced from slight raids to a decided rising. Lieutenant Swinton was killed by these tribesmen when taking up a reinforcement to Changsil. Better news comes from Fort White, in the Chin country, where a new fort is being built on higher and healthier ground, the natives affording useful help. Respecting frontier news, the Chinese Amban has reached Lhasa, and is appointed Chief Resident in reward for his services in the late negotiations. A serious railway accident has occurred in BURMA. The Rangoon mail was thrown off the line through malice, and twenty people were injured.

The labour troubles in AUSTRALIA have been varied by a disastrous fire in Sydney, which broke out in Pitt Street, one of the finest thoroughfares in the city, and extended over three other important streets. Many fine offices and warehouses were destroyed, and an area of over two acres laid waste, the damage amounting to 750,000*l.* Little progress has been made towards the settlement of the strike. The New Zealand Conciliation Conference failed, and, in Victoria, employers and labour representatives have carried on wearisome discussions respecting the conditions of a Conference. Many strikers, however, are falling away from the movement, and return to work on their own account.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The situation in SWITZERLAND has not been much improved by the recent popular vote in Ticino for the revision of the Constitution. Revision was approved by a majority of 94, thus endorsing the late Liberal revolt, but the two parties are so nearly equal that the Federal Council have convened a fresh Conciliation Conference.—HOLLAND has long complained of the inconvenience to State business caused by the King's incapacity to consider public affairs. As His Majesty remains in the same condition, with little hope of change, it is probable that Queen Emma will be appointed Regent very shortly.—CHOLERA in SPAIN has spread northwards to Barcelona, and the outbreak has increased in general, owing to the intense heat. The epidemic follows the course of the rivers. In the East a slight increase is also reported from Syria.—HUNGARY has been commemorating her heroes of the insurrection of 1849. A monument was unveiled at Arad in commemoration of thirteen Magyar generals shot there by Austrian command, and not only was the Hungarian Government represented, but a speech from Kossuth was reproduced phonographically.—The Conversion of the Domain Loan in EGYPT is deferred till next spring, owing to the bankers' demands being too severe. Some Suakin merchants have imported grain to sell to the natives outside the town, but the Egyptian authorities prohibit the sale lest the Dervishes should obtain the provisions.—In CANADA Birchall has accepted his sentence very coolly, and seems to have little hope of respite. He hints, however, at the real guilt being due to an accomplice.—THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC has been alarmed by the report of another revolution in Buenos Ayres. Troops were called out and a regular scare ensued.



BALMORAL has been quite gay for the visit of the Queen of Roumania. The Prince of Wales and his son, Prince and Princess Henry, and the Duchess of Albany, with her children, met Queen Elizabeth at Ballater, and escorted her to Balmoral, where Queen Victoria received her guest with much cordiality. The Prince and Princess of Wales and family and the Duke and Duchess of Fife joined the Royal party at lunch, while the Duchess of Albany came to dinner, Queen Elizabeth's suite also being invited. In the evening a torchlight procession marched past the Castle and danced reels before the two Queens, and a band also played before and after dinner. Next day Queen Victoria and her guest went to Abergeldie to see the Princess of Wales, and to Birkhall to visit the Duchess of Albany, another dinner party being given in the evening, when the Prince and Princess of Wales and family and the Duchess of Albany again joined the Royal circle. Afterwards there was a small gathering, and music in the drawing-room. Queen Elizabeth left on Saturday, being escorted to Ballater by most of the Royal party, and a Guard of Honour being mounted. In the evening Viscount Cross and the Rev. Professor Charteris dined with Queen Victoria, and next morning the Professor officiated at Divine Service before the Royal party. The Princess of Wales, with Princess Victoria and the Duke of Clarence, dined with Her Majesty on both Sunday and Monday evenings. On Tuesday Prince Francis Joseph of Battenberg arrived on a visit. Beautiful mild weather prevails at Balmoral, the Royal table being supplied with strawberries grown in the open air.

The Prince of Wales is in Austria. After a few hours in town he left again on Saturday morning, and crossed from Dover to Calais, whence his special saloon took on the Prince to Chalons to join the Orient express. He reached Vienna on Sunday evening, the train being an hour late, and as his visit was quite private, not even a member of the British Embassy met him at the station, although the Duchess of Cumberland and the King of the Hellenes welcomed him at the Grand Hotel. The Prince on Monday visited Prince Rudolph's tomb in the Capuchin Church, where he laid a wreath, and later entertained the King of the Hellenes and other friends at lunch before accompanying Baron Hirsch to his shooting-box at St. Johann, Moravia, for a few days' sport. He returns home on the 24th inst. On his way the Prince intends to stop

two days in Vienna, to see the Austrian Emperor, and will also visit the Empress Frederick at Homburg. Meanwhile the Princess and Princess Victoria stay at Marl Lodge with the Duke and Duchess of Fife until the end of this week, when they come south, and the Duke and Duchess leave for Duff House, Banffshire. Princess Maud has just returned from Vichy, and is staying with her former governess, Mrs. Edward Johnson, at Farrington, near Exeter. The Duke of Clarence and Avondale will take possession shortly of the late Duchess of Cambridge's rooms in St. James's Palace, which have been completely altered and much enlarged for his benefit. Prince George has enjoyed a week's moose-shooting at Kentville, Nova Scotia—named after his great grandfather—and has now rejoined the *Thrush* at Halifax.

Prince and Princess Christian and their daughters remain at Wiesbaden for some weeks longer, but their elder son has returned home. The latter accompanies his regiment to India in November.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught have returned to Potsdam from staying with Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia at Kiel. The Duke takes up his Portsmouth command at the beginning of next year.—The Queen of Roumania stayed Saturday evening and Sunday in Edinburgh, where Her Majesty visited all the chief sights of the city. She reached London on Monday morning, and spent the day sight-seeing, going in the evening to the Lyceum Theatre. Next day Her Majesty made a brief trip to Kenilworth and Warwick, and left England in the evening on her return to Roumania.—The Empress Frederick and her daughters left Venice on Sunday for Germany. The Empress spending two days at Munich on the way, while her daughters went to Coburg to see the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh.

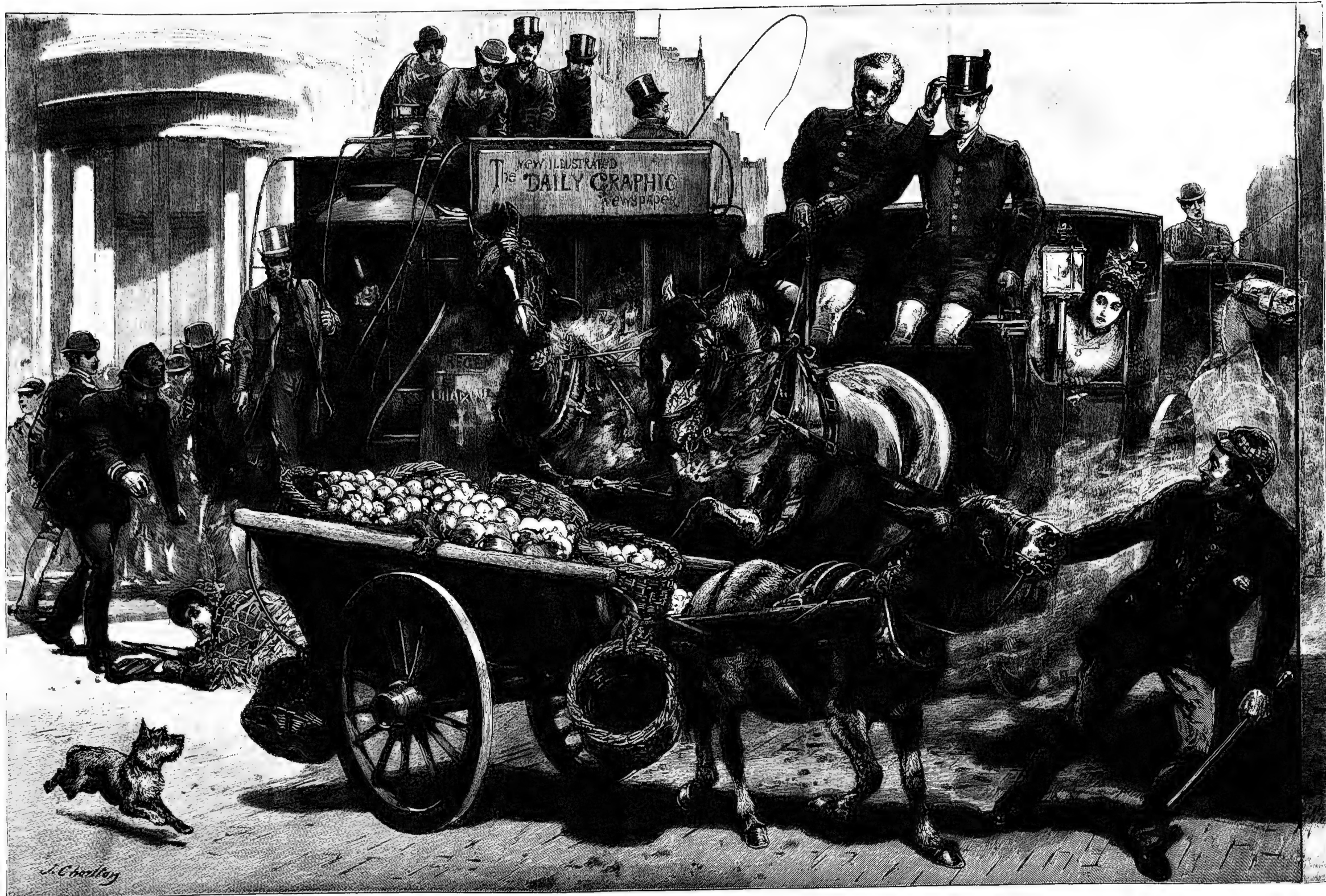


THE HANLEY FESTIVAL (*From Our Special Correspondent*).—The first Triennial Festival of the choirs of North Staffordshire took place at the Victoria Hall, Hanley, last week. A preliminary one-day festival had been held two years previously, with such a degree of success as to warrant this year a series of four performances, the rehearsals and concerts, in fact, extending over four days. Unfortunately, in a business centre like Hanley, people could not spare the time to attend morning concerts, which accordingly were somewhat scantily patronised. But there was a large attendance at the evening performances, and it is understood that the Festival has, on the whole, proved a success. Success was certainly deserved, if only for the fact that Hanley, almost alone of the provincial Festivals, depends exclusively upon local effort. Even the orchestra was drawn chiefly from the many excellent players in Staffordshire and its vicinity, together with several members of Sir Charles Hallé's Manchester Band, while the chorus was not only exclusively a local one, but it was entirely free from the professional element, its members singing without pay, and likewise purchasing their own music. The choir, consisting of over 250 voices, was one of the best to be heard in the provinces—at any rate outside Yorkshire; and, particularly in the *Golden Legend*, better singing could hardly have been wished.

The morning programme on the first day included Mozart's *Requiem* and Sullivan's *Golden Legend*, with Madame Nordica, Miss Damian, Messrs. Lloyd and Mills, as chief artists, while in the evening Dr. Heap's new cantata *Fair Rosamond* was performed. On the second morning, as the whole of the choir was not available, an orchestral concert was given, with a programme which included Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, played by Mr. Willy Hess (of the Manchester orchestra), Mendelssohn's motet "Judge me, O God," admirably sung by a small body of choristers, and several songs. The Festival closed in the evening with Sullivan's *In Memoriam* overture, Professor Stanford's *Reverie*, the first two parts of the *Creation*, and Dr. Hubert Parry's *Best Pair of Syrens*.

The novelty of the Festival accordingly was Dr. Heap's *Fair Rosamond*, the libretto of which was written shortly before his last illness by the late Desmond L. Ryan. The cantata is a simple and unpretentious work—melodious, if not entirely free from reminiscences, and interesting alike to the choristers and to general audiences. The story is divided into a series of detached scenes, opening with the entry of King Henry II. into London after his Coronation. The music here includes a Morris Dance, which perhaps is more like a *gavotte*, and, in either case, would be a hopeless anachronism. Next comes the love-music between the King and Rosamond, including a delicious love-duet—"O, Rapturous Night." A solo for Thomas à Becket, excellently delivered by Mr. Watkin Mills, is the principal feature of the scene of the installation of a Becket as Archbishop of Canterbury; this section likewise including a chorus of people, and a fine chorus of priests, "Veni Creator Spiritus," which may perhaps be more or less reminiscent of Gounod. Next follows a more elaborate scene, laid in the Court at Aquitaine; where occur various solos for Henry and Eleanor, after which, in the midst of a dance, the King proposes for the French lady's hand, and in a duet is accepted. Towards the end of this scene Henry, on receiving some messengers from England, gives utterance to the unfortunate words, "Will no one rid me of this turbulent priest?" At the opening of the second part in Canterbury Cathedral the knights execute that which they believe to be the King's wish. The drums give the thundering knocks at the door which prelude the arrival of the knights, and, after a solo for a Becket, the Archbishop is slain, the chorus of priests lamenting his fate. In the next section, after a beautiful chorus of maidens, occurs the great scene between Queen Eleanor and her rival Fair Rosamond. There is a powerful duet between the two ladies, at the close of which Rosamond is compelled to take the poison. The tenor air of lament delivered by the King over her corpse is by far the finest in the work, and is one of the best that Dr. Heap has ever written. It was deliciously sung by Mr. Lloyd, who, after much enthusiastic cheering, was compelled to repeat it. In the last scene of all the King does penance in Canterbury Cathedral for the murder of a Beckett, and the work ends placidly enough. Although commendably free from undue ambition, and more estimable for its lyrical than its dramatic qualities, Dr. Heap's new cantata bids fair to have a prosperous career, it being particularly suitable to choirs of modest dimensions. The success of its performance at Hanley was undoubted.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The prospectus of the Royal Italian Opera, officially issued on Monday, contained little more than the intelligence we were able to give last week. Madame Albani is, however, after all engaged, and to the list of tenors has been added the name of Signor Guetary, a Spaniard, who has already appeared here in concerts, and has sung at the opera in Milan. Signor Guetary will make his operatic *début* here as Rambaldi, in the projected revival of *Roberto*, with Mr. Manners as Bertram, and his wife, Madame Fanny Moody, as Alice. Signor Orlandini has been added to the baritones, and Messrs. Novara, Broccolini, and Flegna to the basses. Gluck's *Orfeo* will be played, with Mlle. Giulia Ravogli as Orfeo, her sister Sofia as Eurydice, and Mlle. Invernà as Love. For the revival of Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto*, Signor Ciampi, the buffo, will resume the part of the elderly Gerolimio, Mlle. Gambogi will be his eldest daughter, Elisetta; Signor



"BOLTED!" AN IMPENDING CATASTROPHE
DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON

MISCELLANEOUS STORIES

FOREIGN books of any note usually find their way into English dress before long, and Mr. Heinemann's International Library Series, under Mr. Edmund Gosse's editorship, is designed to introduce the most striking examples of European fiction. It is not altogether easy to select from M. Guy de Maupassant's works, for, high as the Norman writer stands among French novelists, neither his themes nor his style quite commend themselves to the ordinary English public. But "Pierre and Jean" is one of his most finished books, and, in Miss Clara Bell's able translation, retains its original vigour without offending British taste. The story is a clever study of provincial middle-class life, melancholy and unpleasant in subject, yet worked out with the freshness and logical power which render M. de Maupassant a shining light in the Gallic realistic school. The sketch by a young Russian, Vladimir Korolenko, translated by "Stepniak" and Mr. W. Westall as "The Blind Musician" (Ward and Downey), presents very opposite attractions. Here the interest is more of a psychological character, as the author analyses the feelings of a young noble, born blind, who gradually realises the depth of his affliction, but at last rises from misery to peace and content. The little work promises well for the writer's future.

In British fiction murder and other kinds of crime, hypnosis, and a large flavouring of love remain the favourite ingredients. Perhaps the most sensational murder story is "In Crime's Disguise" (Trischler), for Mr. F. C. Milford adds, to simple assassination, with thrilling result, suspected bigamy, false impersonation, and the dark deeds of an Irish-American secret society. Generally the wrong person is accused of the murder, as in "The Witness Box," by Veva and Collis Karsland (Trischler), and "City and Suburban," by Florence Warden (White), where respectively a devoted sweetheart and a distracted wife succeed in discovering the real sinner; or again in a well-written but lengthy American narrative, "At the Mercy of Tiberius," by Augusta Wilson (Olley), where the prosecuting counsel goes over to the opposite side for love of the fair supposed criminal, and triumphantly establishes her innocence. One murderer is "Betrayed By a Shadow" (Griffith, Farrar) after having managed to divert suspicion to some one else, another is driven to the crime by well-founded jealousy in "The Mystery of Crowther Castle" (Digby and Long)—feeble short stories by G. Firmstone; while in "The Hand of Vengeance," by G. F. Unerhill (Trischler), a revengeful damsel dogs her sister's faithless lover to his death. Jealousy again forces a most estimable young man to murder in "Dr. Rollison's Dilemma," by F. Tiddemann (Snipkin, Marshall), while the suspicion of bigamy leads to the violent death of all the chief characters of "The Missing Captain," by J. S. Hornbrook. Such fictitious sensations, however, are not a whit more exciting than the true experiences of the detective who elates "A Life's Reminiscences of Scotland Yard" (Leadenhall Press). Mr. Andrew Lansdowne's lot was to unravel many a mystery, and to run many a culprit to earth under the most unlikely and perplexing circumstances, and he describes his successes and misuses in frank and entertaining manner. The glimpses which he gives of the working of the criminal investigation system truly show the value of small things where the most insignificant clue may lead to the detection of a great crime.

The mysteries of occult science now have their turn, with Mr. Fergus Hume for their interpreter. The hero of "The Gentleman who Vanished" (White) foolishly exchanged brides with an old philosopher, and so found himself in the awkward position of being accused of his own murder. How ingeniously Mr. Hume entangles his characters and eventually gets them out of their troubles his former readers may guess. But, if he treats them as a joke, Mrs. Brandon takes a very serious view of mesteric influence in "Hypnotised" (Hutchinson)—indeed this mysterious power produces her heroine's death.—On the other hand, thought-reading proves very useful to "The Countess Muta" (Rutledge), by the late American writer, C. H. Montague, for an imitator of Mr. Irving-Bishop lends valuable aid in unmasking scoundrels and rescuing a distressed damsel.—Another mania of the day comes to the front in "A Poppy's Tears" (Chapman and Hall), by Manington Caffyn—a doleful record of morphia-eating with a tragic end.

The East is a fitting site for two romantic love-tales, both dealing with flights from the harem. Mr. W. Sime's heroine of "The Rajah and the Rosebud" (Arrowsmith) is suddenly removed from the prosaic atmosphere of Bloomsbury to an Indian palace, and escapes from her captivity with as much difficulty as the hapless English sisters confined "Behind the Kafes" (Arrowsmith) in a Turkish seraglio, and kept in slavery till rescued by two gallant knight errants, as Miss Albert well describes. After such exciting events the love-making of "Gentleman Jack" (Authors' Co-operative Publishing Company) seems rather tame, when M. L. Tyler tells the old story of an attachment between ward and guardian; nor is J. S. Winter up to the usual standard in "Ferry Court" (White), although she introduces our old friends Mignon Bootles, &c., to enliven a love episode. Again, a touch of vulgarity and stilted language do not increase the faint attractions of "Three Beauties" (Leadenhall Press), by Milwood Manners. Altogether, well-known authoresses seem to bestow little pains on these cheap stories, for neither Mrs. Alexander's Scottish sketch of intrigue, "Forging the Fetters" (Spencer Blackett), nor "Rita's" high-flown romance of love on the Rigi, "Edelweiss" (Spencer Blackett) will add to their writers' reputation. Miss Annie Thomas's short stories included in "The Sloane Square Scandal" (Swan Sonnenschein) are smart enough, if not always in good taste; while the brief sketches gathered in "Loafing and Loving" (Fun Office), by the author of "My Neighbour Nellie," may fill up an idle hour, like the ample collection of thrilling romances in "The Magazine of Fiction" (Stevens).—And if readers are not yet surfeited with descriptions of the tender passion, here are five volumes of "Love Tales"—English, Irish, Scotch, German, and American (Paterson), gleaned from favourite authors of the past and present. In such collections, however, Mrs. Campbell Præd's Australian contribution carries off the palm for excitement. Her "Under the Gum Tree" (Trischler) teems with incident—bush-rangin', native raids, diggers' adventures, and the like.—To flit from Australia to India, Mr. Rudyard Kipling's scenes of Indian life "In Black and White" (Sampson Low) are graphic miniature pictures of native vengeance, intrigue, and deceit, full of mingled drollery and pathos, like his charming short drama of domestic life in Euro-pean military society, "The Story of the Gadibys" (Sampson Low).—Very amusing also are Mr. Brownlow Forde's tales of Anglo-Indian existence at up-country stations, with all their attendant gossip, "The Trotter," and "The Subaltern, the Policeman, and the Little Girl" (Sampson Low).

Followers of Jules Verne are not wanting amongst our own writers, for the wondrous machine which conveyed Mr. Robert Cromie's explorers on "A Plunge Into Space" (Warne) might well have originated in the French author's brain. The travellers went on a trip to the planet Mars, where they saw many wonderful things, but the journey ended in sad disaster. Mr. Cromie's story is well worth reading.—So, too, is the glimpse of the future given in "Looking Forward" (G. P. Putnam's Sons)—wherein Ismar Thiusen foreshadows the social system of the world in the ninety-sixth century, when the present time shall be merely a relic of the Dark Ages to the people of an advanced civilisation, more vague than the life of an Egyptian mummy to our present understanding. Some years ago this work was published in America as

"The Diothas," and Mr. Bellamy's recent success seems to have inspired its reproduction. And to close the list of fanciful sketches, Miss A. A. Vial takes up the old idea of "The Palace of Truth," but works out the spell drolly enough at an English village in modern days—"Grim Truth" (Lovell).

A DISTINGUISHED CENTENARIAN

ON September 16th the tenantry and villagers of the Alford estates in Somersetshire held high festivities in honour of two remarkable and interesting events, namely, the celebration of the hundredth birthday of Sarah, widow of the late Rev. John Gale Dalton Thring, Rector and Squire of Alford, B.C.L., J.P., and D.L., and the bringing home of his bride by his grandson, Mr. Huntley Thring. Mrs. Thring has had a remarkable career. Born in the year 1790, she was the second daughter of the Rev. J. Jenkyns, Vicar of Evercreech and Prebendary of Wells. One of her brothers, Dr. Jenkyns, became Master of Balliol and Dean of Wells, and another brother, Dr. F. C. Jenkyns, was Fellow of Oriel, Canon of Durham, and Regius Professor of Greek and Theology in that University. Coming thus from a brilliant family, she became the mother of distinguished men, and transmitted to her sons many of those splendid faculties which she inherited. The eldest, Theodore, is a county magistrate for Somerset and Deputy Chairman of the Quarter Sessions. The second son, Henry, Lord Thring, K.C.B., was a Fellow of Magdalen, Cambridge, and third in the Classical Tripos of his year. He was for many years Parliamentary Counsel, and was well known for the remarkable ability he displayed in the fulfilment of the duties attached to that office. As a draftsman he was second to none, and the Succession Duties Bill of 1853 stands as a memorial to his wonderful ingenuity and forethought, for though the Act necessarily operates upon complicated and difficult matters, no flaw has, as yet, been discovered in the draft of the Act.

The third son was Edward Thring, the beloved Head Master of Uppingham, who has made the name of Thring a household word in many homes, which have not yet ceased to mourn his loss.

The fourth son, Godfrey, is the present Incumbent of Hornblottoncum-Alford. He shared, with his brother Edward, the beautiful poetic instinct which was such a prominent feature in the school-master's character. Godfrey Thring is the compiler of "A Church of England Hymn-book," and author of "Hymns and Sacred Lyrics." Some of his hymns are most popular. Of these may be



MRS. THRING
Who has lately completed her hundredth year

mentioned "Saviour, blessed Saviour," and "Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep."

The other children were John Charles, Teresa, and Elizabeth, and though they are, perhaps, not so widely known as their brothers, they are well known in the county for their charms and accomplishments. Teresa married the Ven. Archdeacon Fitzgerald. Both the daughters are now dead.

An extremely interesting circumstance connected with the festivities was the fact that seventy-nine years ago Mrs. Thring was brought from Evercreech to Alford, as a bride, by the old Squire of Alford, and that on this occasion the future Squire was bringing home his bride, also from Evercreech. The two brides met—one rich in years, but possessing all her mental faculties, and perfectly able to understand the object of the rejoicing, and the congratulations showered upon her, with a retrospect of a hundred years of usefulness and honour; the other young and beautiful, with the prospect of a life of usefulness, honour, and happiness before her.—Our portrait is from a photograph by W. G. Lewis, Seymour Street, Bath.



II.

SEVERAL of the Magazines which make fiction their strong point have begun new novels this month, and among them the *English Illustrated* is gladdening the eyes of its readers with a story by F. Marion Crawford, called the "Witch of Prague." Mr. Crawford is always worth reading, and his new novel promises well.—*Macmillan* has also begun a fresh story, "He Fell Among Thieves," by D. Christie Murray, which opens among those scenes of modern Bohemianism in which the author delights. It is evidently a story to be read.—Many people were beginning to say that John Strange in Winter had written herself out, but "The Other Man's Wife," in *Tinsley's Magazine*, shows in its opening chapters that the author has not lost her gift of simple pathos and smooth narration.—The novels in the other magazines are running on without any particular call for notice, but "Eight Bells," in the *Cornhill*, looks as if it might be in the full rush of the Indian Mutiny, by the next number.

Omniscient persons frequently assert that editors find it very difficult to keep up the supply of good short stories, and this month there is no valid reason for disbelieving them. *Cornhill*, however, is usually successful in this form of fiction, and "The Sons of the Emir" is both fresh and novel.—"In His Unavoidable Absence," in the *Argosy*, will bear reading, and "An Old Boy's Watch" is a better ghost story than most.—A ghost story of a different sort is

found in *Belgravia*, but, in this case, the mystery is explained by the creator of the ghost.—"Heiland of Heidelberg" comes to an end in this month's *Temple Bar*, and keeps up its interest to the last. It is one of those tales of Hindoo magic that were so popular a few years ago, but happily this time poetic justice is wrought upon the wily Oriental's schemes, and by an European he despoised. "The Story of a Story," in *Chambers' Journal*, is a pretty little tale; and *All the Year Round* has published an Extra Autumn Number, which is full of fiction.

Among the articles worth reading are "A Soldier of the Mutiny" in *Temple Bar*, which is a sketch of Hodson, the famous Commander in of "Hodson's Horse"; "The Island of Ruim," by Grant Allen, in *Longman*, Ruim being nothing more than the quondam island famous for the possession of Margate; "Cipher Correspondence" in *Murray*, which may be read with interest by others besides those strange persons who delight in inflicting torture on their wits with cryptograms; "The Evolution of Surnames" in the *Sun*; "A Holiday in Sweden" in the *Scots Magazine*; "Yacht Clubs of the East" and "Photography" in *Outing*; "Edinburgh," by Mrs. Oliphant, in the *English Illustrated*; and several of the papers in *Fores' Sporting Notes*.

In the *Nineteenth Century* there is an excellent article on "Dahomey and the French," which is of the greatest interest in the view of the threatened French advance into the interior. "The Awakening of Jamaica" will do good if it draws people's attention to the West India Islands, which are now almost entirely neglected by England.—Mr. George Moore is always worth reading on the Drama, and his paper on the "Dramatic Censorship" in the *New Review* takes a rather unexpected turn, and defends the Dramatic Censor, a man at whom every budding dramatist usually has a brick to heave. Mr. Moore shows that the Censor alone protects the drama from all sorts of enemies, and his argument is very ably and convincingly put.

Naval warfare comes in for a good deal of discussion this month, and as it is a subject of the most vital importance to every man, woman, and child in these realms it will most probably be put aside until a more convenient opportunity.—In the *Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine*, Admiral Colomb deals with the conditions under which attacks on territory from the sea succeed or fail, and brings under consideration the naval battles and attacks on territory in which we were engaged from 1742 to 1782. Admiral Colomb points out that everything shows the Navy to be powerless in direct attack, and all-powerful in defence and in indirect attack, and that the attack on a fort is a military and not a naval affair.—*Blackwood* and the *Atlantic Monthly* both have articles inspired by a book written by Captain A. T. Mahan, U.S.N., "The Influence of Sea Power upon History," and the English and the American reviewers come to the same conclusion, that to keep England and America strong, large and well-equipped fleets must be kept up. This of course is far more necessary for England than for America, and as nearly all Captain Mahan's illustrations are drawn from English naval warfare, it is easy to see from the successes and the blunders of the past what our policy should be in the future. We have got over the time when we gaily spoiled a ship to save a ha'porth of tar, but from the very fact that the Navy has been slightly increased of late, there is great danger of the nation going to sleep again, satisfied with having bolted its front door with a carrot; and therefore it would be a good thing if Captain Mahan's book were published here in a cheap edition.

The American magazines are as good as ever. *Harper* has, as usual, some excellent short stories, "The Dragoness" and "Tea Tephi in Amity," being very amusing studies of American girl character. "Agricultural Chili" is beautifully illustrated, and, in fact, the drawings throughout the number are up to the usual high standard.—*Scribner's* is also most excellent. "With a Cable Expedition," "The City House in the West," and "From Port to Port with the White Squadron," are three illustrated articles that are well worth reading; and "Fray Bento's Bell" is a touching little study of character.—*The Century* brings the "Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson" to a conclusion. "Prehistoric Cave Dwellings" is a paper that should by no means be missed, and "In Dark New England Days" is one of those short stories in which the Americans excel as much as they fail in the longer novel.—There is an article about Ibsen in the *Atlantic Monthly* which would have been of much use to diners-out a short time ago; as it is, the subject is a little out of date.—*St. Nicholas* is a wonderful children's magazine, alike good in illustration and in letterpress.

The *Art Journal* publishes an admirable reproduction of "Ploughing," from the picture by George Clausen, and the *Magazine of Art* a rather too darkly printed photogravure of "Shipwrecked Fishermen," by Josef Israels. These two magazines are full of well-written and beautifully illustrated articles, "Cardinal Newman and the Studios" being specially worth notice, if only for the "Newman Family Group," by Miss Giberne.—*The Woman's World* has a capital sketch of Mrs. Fawcett, a noteworthy paper on the "Modern French Girl," and one of the best short stories of the month, "A Literary Lover."

THE ALEXANDRA HOSPITAL

OUR Illustrations represent wards in the Alexandra Hospital for Children with Hip-Disease, Queen Square, W.C., which is under the patronage of their Royal Highnesses the Princess of Wales and the Duchess of Fife; Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Albany being a patron of the Helen Branch at Bournemouth. This most useful Institution was opened in March, 1867, with ten beds, and has gradually increased to eighty-one beds, including its Branch Hospital at Bournemouth, which was added in March, 1874, and which contains twenty-one beds. To this all the children, who are well enough, are sent for the benefit of the sea-air in turn, for three months at a time; the change of air being found to accelerate materially the cure of children suffering from this most painful disease. This Hospital is conducted on the paying system, those parents who can afford it being asked to pay four shillings a week, or about one-third of the cost of the maintenance of a child; the remainder being furnished by subscriptions and donations, as this Institution is entirely dependent on voluntary contributions. There are nineteen free cots supported by annual subscribers, one of which, the St. Paul's Cot, Beckenham, represented in the sketch of the Edinburgh Ward, was founded in 1887, by the Rev. Charles Green. The boy shown as occupying the cot has lately been discharged cured after a stay of nearly two years. Children are admitted between the ages of three and twelve, and are kept until they are considered fit to discharge by the medical officers; some of them staying as long as two, and even three years. The fact that over one thousand children have been discharged cured since this Hospital was established is a proof of the skill with which they are treated, and the care that is bestowed in nursing them. The Hospital consist of four old houses, three of which open into each other, and form the Hospital; in the fourth house there are four wards devoted to isolation cases, besides bed-rooms and offices. These old houses are sadly out of repair, and heavy expenses are constantly incurred to keep them in proper order; and, therefore, the Committee of Management are anxious to build a new hospital upon their site; the plans for which are now in progress. The estimated cost of the new building is about 10,000*l.*, towards which little more than 300*l.* have been received. We can strongly recommend our charitable readers to assist in carrying out this good work.

J. L. STEAVENSON

Orlandini, her betrothed, Count Robinsone, Signor Suane (the young Spanish tenor, who has been compared at Madrid to Gayarre), will be Paolino, while Caroline and Fidalma will be entrusted to the sisters Sofia and Giulia Ravogli. In *Tannhäuser* Signor Perotti—the first tenor who, in 1870, ever appeared in a Wagnerian opera in England—will sustain the titular character. Madame Albani will be the Elizabeth, which part she created at the first performance of the work in London; Mdlle. Sofia Ravogli will be Venus, and M. Maurel will resume his original character of Wolfram. Mr. Lago is still in treaty for the production of *Otello*, and if negotiations are satisfactorily concluded Verdi's latest opera will be given with Madame Albani as Desdemona, Messrs. Giannini or Perotti in the titular character, and M. Maurel as Iago.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—The concert season began at Prince's Hall on Saturday with a performance by the Musical Artists' Society. Several new chamber works were then given; among others, a sonata in G, No. 2, for pianoforte and violoncello, by Mr. Algernon Ashton.—The season of the People's Concert Society likewise commenced on Saturday. This excellent body organises in the poorer districts of the Metropolis classical chamber concerts, which are largely supported by the working classes. On Saturdays at Poplar and on Fridays at Bermondsey performances are given, the prices ranging from a penny for admission to sixpence for reserved seats. On Saturday, the programme included Haydn's always popular pianoforte trio in G, and Mendelssohn's equally favourite pianoforte trio in D minor, Op. 49, Miss Maggie Moore being the pianist, and Messrs. Henkel and Bowman violinist and 'cellist.—On Sunday, at the Town Hall, Westminster, a series of eighteen chamber concerts commenced. Here the programme included Schumann's pianoforte quintet, in which, among others, Mr. J. St. O'Dykes, Herr Kummer, and Mr. Albert took part.—The Promenade Concert season closed at Covent Garden on Saturday, when Mr. Sims Reeves took his farewell of these entertainments. He sang the "Bay of Biscay," the "Jolly Young Waterman," "When Other Lips," and "Come into the Garden, Maud."—The series of Saturday evening Promenade Concerts commenced at the Crystal Palace last week. The vocalists were Miss Clara Leighton and Mr. Maybrick.

NOTES AND NEWS.—The famous Saturday Concerts will commence at the Crystal Palace this (Saturday) afternoon. The principal artists will be Madame Valleria and Herr Klengel.—The London orchestral rehearsals for the Norwich Festival took place on Wednesday and Thursday of this week. The Festival proper will commence at Norwich next Tuesday evening, and the principal Festival novelty, Dr. Hubert Parry's *L'Allegro*, will be produced on Wednesday.—Sir Herbert Oakley, who for the past twenty-five years has been Professor at Edinburgh University, has resigned his appointment owing to ill-health. Some years ago he met with a serious accident at Zermatt, from which he never completely recovered. The post will, it is said, probably be offered to Mr. Frederic Cliffe.—M. Remenyi, the well-known Hungarian violinist, will this autumn undertake a tour in the provinces.—It is stated, although the news needs confirmation, that Verdi is engaged upon a cantata, the libretto, written by Signor Boito, being based upon the story of *King Lear*.—A proposition has been made to bring M. Colonne's Paris orchestra to London for a series of concerts at St. James's Hall in May and June next. At this period of the year they would, however, have very little chance.—Madame Albani on Saturday sang before the Queen at Balmoral the principal soprano air in Professor Bridge's oratorio, *Nineveh*. Her Majesty is said to have expressed herself in very complimentary terms as to the music, which, by the way, is dedicated to her.



THE SEASON remains very pleasant, and the inevitable decline and fall of the year is being accomplished with a gradual and peaceful motion which, while surely shortening the daylight hours, still leaves us a good spell of sunshine between morning and evening twilight. The mean temperature is falling also, but there is yet a genial warmth about the hours from eleven to five, and even earlier and later if we keep out of the wind. The fruit trees, the oaks, elms, and ash trees still afford plenty of leaves, and show but little thinning of foliage even in exposed situations; on the other hand, poplars, limes, and sycamores are losing their leaves rapidly, and the chestnuts are worse than shabby. It is one of the drawbacks of growing this otherwise fine tree, that in the autumn its leaves wither and shrivel badly, looking rusted and dusty where most other trees put on a parting glory of yellow, orange, or red. Owing to the absence of frost, nasturtiums and geraniums, asters and single dahlias are still gay in the open garden, while at sheltered spots like Kew and St. Leonards roses may be seen not only in full bloom, but with fresh buds coming gaily to the front. The Michaelmas daisies, varying in size from a threepenny-bit to a florin, and in colour from a moonlight mauve to a rich purple, are now in full bloom. Sweet peas and stocks are not yet entirely "over," while the chrysanthemums are coming on very fast, and preparing to assume their regular autumn reign.

WHEAT has fallen 5s. per quarter for English grain since the new crop began to come forward freely. In the same space of time foreign wheat has only fallen 2s. quarter. White Californian wheat and white English were quoted at 38s. 6d. some while since, but now while 36s. 6d. is made for Californian, the home-grown grain, of equal intrinsic value, is parted with for 33s. 6d. Red wheat is about 2s. below white. Why are farmers thus underselling the foreigner? Hitherto, the complaint has been the other way, and the foreigner has undersold us, but the best judges of the corn trade are agreed that the present depression is due entirely to the English farmer; that is to say, that had the English grower halted at 36s. 6d. for white wheat, and say 34s. for red, as the foreign growers have halted, no attempt would have been made by the latter to undersell him. The American and Indian farmers resist even the present decline. The Imperial average for English wheat is now only 31s. 6d. per 480 lbs., or 52s. 10d. per 504 lbs., while the London price is 31s. 10d. per 480 lbs., or 32s. 2d. per 504 lbs. It is doubtful if wheat can be profitably grown under 35s., and it is doubly regrettable to see the good new crop being disposed of thus rashly at 31s. to 34s. per quarter, when there is no foreign pressure warranting sacrifice.

AGRICULTURAL TRAINING was discussed some while since at the Farmers' Club. It was discussed in a very exhaustive manner, as are all subjects at that club; and it was agreed on all hands that teaching should be given in the country, and London Agricultural Lectures "disrecommended," to quote a new but useful word coined by one of the speakers on the occasion. We have, therefore, some diffidence in even mentioning that Professor Dyer lectures during the autumn at the City of London College, while Mr. F. J. Lloyd commenced yesterday (October 10th) his winter course at King's College in the Strand. London, however, is really—among some other things—an agricultural centre. It is easier for many Surrey farmers' sons than Croydon, nearer to parts of Kent than is Canterbury, more accessible for a third of Essex than Colchester. As to the teaching, we can speak with confidence of both these lecturers as thoroughly sound and practical men.

THE GROWING IMPORTANCE of leguminous crops, and especially of beans and peas, is insisted upon by a well-known writer in the *Field*. It is, however, very difficult in ordinary springs to extend the proportion of land upon the average farm, where grown barley claims paramount importance, and then there come the root crops, which also are of "growing importance." If more beans and peas are to be grown some pains must be taken to create new hardy sorts for November sowing. Here is a task for our leading seedsmen.

SALT AS A WEED-KILLER is by no means all that can be desired. Its absorption of moisture is so ready that it makes gravel paths terribly rotten, and, in fact, spoils the surface soil where it is placed more than does any moderate allowance of weeds. This we have found to be the case, but a correspondent who suggests a "weak solution of arsenic" as a substitute is introducing a remedy of which Walt Whitman might say, "After me, vista!" It kills grass and moss as well as weeds, but whether it would be possible to use it where dogs or cats, fowls or pigeons were kept we are unable to say. Those who have taken arsenic as a medicine will remember that, unlike most deadly poisons, it has a rather pleasant taste. Sulphate of copper in solution, and also diluted sulphuric acid, are suggested for weed-killing, but sulphuric acid is so dangerous to handle that it, at least, may be at once discarded.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Central Chamber of Agriculture will reassemble on Tuesday, November 4th, and with the same month the Farmers' Club resumes its monthly discussions on agriculture.—The sales of British wheat during September are estimated at 933,000 qrs. against only 815,000 qrs. in September last year. The estimated requirements of the United Kingdom between now and next harvest are reckoned on good authority at 23,780,000 qrs.

ALPHONSE KARR

ALTHOUGH in his eighty-second year, this distinguished novelist enjoyed excellent health until a few days ago, when he caught a chill during the cyclone which broke over the South of France on September 21st, and died on September 30th at his villa, St. Raphael, Nice. M. Karr was of German origin, the son of a pianist, and was born in Paris in 1808. He was educated at the College Bourbon, where he afterwards became one of the schoolmasters, but presently he devoted himself to literature, and became a regular contributor to the *Figaro*. His best-known book, "Sous les Tilleuls," was written when he was twenty-two, and has been translated into nearly every European language. In this country, perhaps, his most popular work is his "Voyage autour de mon Jardin." In 1839 he founded *Les Guepes*, a monthly satirical publication which went on for a number of years, and had much vogue in its day. In



ALPHONSE KARR
Born 1808. Died September 30, 1890

its pages appeared Karr's famous plea against the abolition of capital punishment, *Que Messieurs les Assassins commencent*. He helped to bring about the abolition of imprisonment for debt, and he was unwearied in the ridicule which he poured on the National Guard as it existed during the Citizen Kingship. The Revolution of 1848, which swept away the Monarchy, deprived the *Guepes* of their pungency, and the strict Press Laws of the Empire which followed prevented Karr from turning his incisive pen against the abuses of the new régime. He philosophically accepted the situation, and betook himself to St. Raphael, where he engaged in what was to him a labour of love—the cultivation of roses and violets for the Paris market. Besides being a horticulturist, M. Karr was devoted to swimming and boating, first on the Norman, and afterwards on the Mediterranean coast. He was the discoverer of Etretat, which has gradually been converted from a poor fishing village into a popular seaside resort; and many will remember his long beard and his half-nautical, half Bohemian garb. The *Saturday Review* says of M. Karr, "His temperament and his interests, as well as his talents, were those of the consummate journalist. He had an unrelenting relish for combat; he was a keen politician; he delighted in scholarly literature; and he had the immense advantage of possessing various out-of-door tastes to relieve his desk-work."—Our portrait is from a photograph by Nadar, Paris.

THE POPULAR MUSICAL UNION

THE Popular Musical Union is the outcome of the Popular Ballad Concert Committee, which was founded six years ago by Mrs. Ernest Hart, and is intended for the musical training and recreation of the industrial classes, the hope entertained by the organisation being that, when these sections of the community are sufficiently skilled, they will be enabled to carry the joy of music to others, and to be themselves brought into contact with living musicians and the musical work of the world.

During the autumn and winter the Society gives a series of twenty or more concerts in the East End, a certain number being given free, and the rest at popular prices, according as funds will permit. The districts chiefly visited are Bermondsey, Clerkenwell, Bethnal Green, Islington, Mile End, Stepney, and Whitechapel. The attendance during the past year exceeded 20,000 persons, and the programmes ranged from the *Messiah* and *Creation* oratorios to miscellaneous concerts, in which selections from the work of Beet-

hoven, Mozart, and Mendelssohn appear as well as high-class modern music, the songs of Sullivan, Marzials, and Blumenthal being specially popular.

A special concert of Irish music is given at Bermondsey Town Hall on St. Patrick's Eve, and a second concert and Service of Song at the People's Palace, Mile End, on the last day of the year.

But besides giving concerts, the Popular Musical Union is an educational body, maintaining choral and orchestral classes which it has established at Bermondsey, Clerkenwell, and Whitechapel Centres. These classes are under the very efficient instruction of Mr. W. Henry Thomas, one of the Professors of the Guildhall School of Music, Mr. Walter Truelove, and others.

Each of these centres is independent of the other, and is managed by an Hon. Secretary, working under the direction of the Secretary of the Society. The classes at each are divided into elementary, intermediate, and advanced, and members pay a terminal fee, varying from 1s. to 3s. 6d. Last year the number of entries at these classes exceeded seven hundred.

The educational year extends from October 1st to June 30th, and is divided into three terms of ten weeks each, but an extra half term is generally arranged by request for members of a certain class. The Bermondsey and Clerkenwell Centres hold their meetings respectively on Fridays and Thursdays at Board Schools in those districts, while the Whitechapel Centres meet on Mondays and Tuesdays at St. Jude's Schools, Commercial Street, E.

The music studied is purchased by the Society and sold to members at half-price. A well-trained choir, numbering about 120, and a fair orchestra have been trained during the past three or four years, and are recruited by examination from the members of the advanced classes at the three centres already referred to. The choir and orchestra meet for rehearsals during term time in the "Governors' Room," at the Old Charterhouse, on Saturday evenings, and assist at most of the concerts and oratorio performances given by the Popular Union.

Naturally, such an organisation as this could not be more than half self-supporting without the aid of the donations and subscriptions of its honorary members. The qualification of honorary membership is one guinea subscription, in return for which certain advantages are offered, including two tickets for the annual "West End" concert and other benefit performances.

From time to time leading members of the musical profession give their services gratis, or for a nominal fee, and some, including Sir Arthur Sullivan and Madame Nordica, are also subscribers to the Society.

The Popular Musical Union is governed by a large and influential Council, which meets once a month during the concert season, and at other times as required, for the transaction of business, and at which delegates from the various class-centres attend. The Lord Mayor is patron of the Society (*ex officio*), and the Duke of Westminster, whose interest takes a very practical form, is President.

Subscriptions to the Society may be paid direct into the Bayswater Branch of the Union Bank, or to the Secretary, Mr. G. S. Redmayne, B.A., 15, St. Mary's Square, Paddington, from whom all information may be obtained.



THE NATIONAL NASAL TWANG, which betrays the American speaker immediately among English people, is at last being recognised as a defect by its owners. According to the *Daily Graphic*, a Transatlantic doctor, just returned from England, thinks that his country people should be treated medically to cure the twang. "Let us," he says, "cross the sea and hear the soft and musical voices of our English cousins; on our return, the American drawl—it is not a voice—of our beautiful young girl in Society grates upon our sensibilities."

THE ROYAL MILITARY EXHIBITION AT CHELSEA closes on November 12th, and from present appearances will have a handsome surplus. After all, the coming Naval Exhibition will be held on the same site at Chelsea, the Committee having obtained the additional three acres required for a lake. Thus sham fights can take place on the water, while the buildings are to be better connected than at present. Numerous important battle pictures are promised. Talking of these displays, a German Exhibition will be held next year at Earl's Court.

LONDON MORTALITY decreased last week. The deaths numbered 1,413 against 1,458 during the previous seven days, being a decline of 45 and 52 below the average, the death rate diminishing to 16.7 per 1,000. Cooler weather has increased the fatalities from diseases of the respiratory organs, which rose to 262—an increase of 40, and 13 above the average, while those from diarrhoea and dysentery also remain high—105—an advance of 19, and 51 over the usual return. There were 28 deaths from diphtheria (a fall of 10), 24 from enteric fever, (an increase of 6), 20 from scarlet fever (a rise of 4), 30 from measles (an increase of 8), and 18 from whooping-cough (the smallest number this year). There were 2,433 births registered, being a decrease of 25, and 255 below the usual return.

THE THIRD EXHIBITION OF THE ARTS AND CRAFTS SOCIETY opened at the New Gallery on Monday. The display is a distinct advance on those of previous years, much of the decorative work being most beautiful. Furniture and embroidery form the most important exhibits, side by side with pottery and glass, metal work, terra cotta reliefs, wall-papers, printing, bookbinding and so forth. Mr. Burne Jones' cartoons arouse especial interest, notably the designs for a window at Jesus College, Cambridge—"Hierarchy," with Angels, Cherubs and Seraphs, Powers, Virtues, &c.—and the President of the Society, Mr. Walter Crane, is well represented by numerous elaborate drawings and designs. This year no lectures will be given, but students, craftsmen, and art-workers are to be admitted free, by ticket, on Monday evenings.

THE PARISIAN ARTISTIC SEASON is just opening, and amateurs who have returned to town can spend an hour or two profitably in the "Black and White Exhibition," now being held at the Pavillon of the Ville de Paris, in the Champs Elysées. Most of the best artists in this branch contribute, while the illustrated papers make an excellent show, to say nothing of a collection of the fashionable pastels. Afternoon concerts also are given in the Exhibition. The chief artistic event so far, however, has been the inauguration of the Delacroix monument in the Luxembourg Gardens on Sunday—a tardy recognition of the painter's genius twenty-seven years after his death. Two Ministers, and a host of artistic and literary celebrities assembled to honour the artist who was once so abused as a member of the Romantic school. The monument consists of a bronze bust of Delacroix, by M. Dalou—considered an admirable likeness—rising on a stone pedestal from a white marble basin. A fine figure of Time lifts up Glory to lay palms before the bust, while Apollo, as the Genius of Art, throws down his lyre to applaud the homage rendered to the painter. Amongst other items M. Carolus Duran's large painting, "The Triumph of Marie de Beauvais," is at last in position on the ceiling of the Salle de Beauvais in the Louvre, ten years after its completion. The public cannot see the new ceiling yet, as the border has to be completed.

Nyasa-land and its Inhabitants



A TREE DUCK

and northward of the Ba-bisa, in the country between the Tshambezi and the vicinity of Tanganyika are the savage, warlike Ba-bemba; while farther west again of the Ba-bemba and Ba-bisa is the great and far-stretching tribe of the A-lunda. The north end and north-west shores of Lake Nyasa are inhabited by the Wa-nkonde, and the north-east shores of that lake are sparsely peopled by the Ba-kisi, which latter people lead a miserable existence, owing to the constant raids made on them by the Ma-gwangwara, who range over the high mountains and broad plateaux to the eastward of Lake Nyasa, and like the Angoni, further west and south, are a robber-tribe of Zulu origin.

Across the Nyasa-Tanganyika plateau, in the vicinity of the Stephenson Road, we have, firstly, Wa-kinga, Wakukwe, Wa-wandia, Wa-nyiha, and Wa-nyamwanga, all of whom are closely related in language to the Wa-nkonde, on the north-western coast-lands of Nyasa.

To the westward of this group of closely-related tribes we meet the somewhat different A-mambwe, who, again, are closely akin to the A-lungu, who inhabit the southern shores of Lake Tanganyika.

This is a brief list of the principal peoples of what is now British Central Africa. A little further description of some of the more important among these tribes may not be uninteresting to my readers. The A-nyanja, who inhabit the southern part of Nyasa and the Shiré valley, are a timid, lazy, but prolific race, who seem never to have been able to defend their independence against the attacks of braver tribes. On the east shores of Nyasa they are under the dominion of the Mohammedanised Yao chiefs, on the west coast of Nyasa they are ruled by the Swahili-Arab Sultans and the Angoni chiefs. In the upper part of the Shiré valley they are the serfs of the Wa-yao, and in the lower part of the Shiré they are subject to a ruling caste of so-called Makololo, a handful of people supposed to be descended from a few of Livingstone's old followers whom he brought from the valley of the Upper Zambezi.

The A-nyanja are, I fear, too lazy to be made much use of in the development of the country. They make bad carriers and thievish servants, and object to anything like sustained and regular work; consequently, I expect they will be to a great extent superseded by the more sturdy, energetic Wa-yao, and possibly even by the Wa-swahili of Zanzibar. The A-nyanja are a dirty, ugly, drunken, relatively uninteresting people. On the other hand, their eastern neighbours, the Wa-yao, though they are an independent, truculent, and quarrelsome race, are still very hard-working, industrious, enterprising, and fairly courageous. They make very good workmen, and I should say would make brave soldiers. They show a

II.
THE BLACK INHABITANTS OF NYASALAND belong entirely to the Bantu family of the negro race; that is to say, in physical characteristics, language, manners, and customs they form part of the same group as the people of the Congo, of the Great Lakes, of the Zanzibar coast, of Damaraland, Betshuanaland, and all other parts of Southern Africa that are not inhabited by bushmen or Hottentots. The principal tribes of negroes peopling Nyasaland at the present day are the A-nyanja, or Ma-fianja, who occupy much of the Shiré valley and the shores of the southern half of Lake Nyasa; the Wa-yao, who dwell in the Shiré Highlands to the east of the lake; Angoni-Zulus, who, with their Wa-tshewa serfs, inhabit the mountains and uplands which stretch west of Lake Nyasa towards the Loangwa. Farther west of these, again, we have the Ba-senga of the Loangwa valley; the Ba-shukulumbwe; and the Ba-rotse of the Upper Zambezi. On the west coast of Lake Nyasa you meet with the A-tonga, A-tumbuka, and the Wa-henga. Going westward again, we come to the Ba-bisa, who occupy the country between the Loangwa and Lake Bangweolo,



A NYASA CROCODILE



ANTELOPES AND ORCHIDS



IN MORAMBALA MARSHES

considerable aptitude for shooting elephants, and are the means by which a large part of the ivory that comes from Southern Nyasaland is procured. The languages both of the Wa-yao and A-nyanja have been thoroughly well studied by the Scotch and English missionaries. These tongues are melodious, expressive, and easily learnt, but I expect in the development of Nyasaland they will give way to the widespread use of the closely-related Ki-swahili language of Zanzibar, which is extending farther and farther over East Central Africa as the language of commerce and polite society.

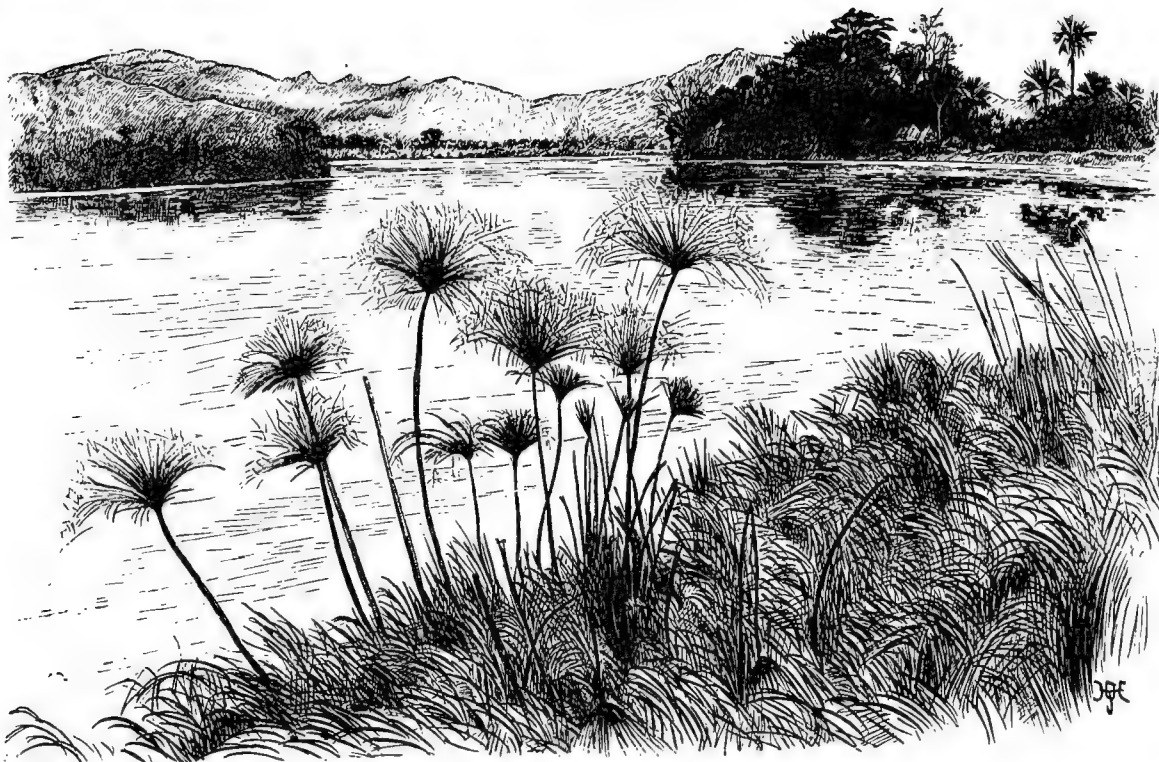
The Angoni, who dominate the countries to the west of Lake Nyasa, like their congeners, the Ma-gwangwara, who are settled on the tableland to the north end of Nyasa and the Wa-tuta who still linger in the vicinity of South-East Tanganyika, are the relics of repeated invasions of Zulu tribes across the Zambesi. Like the Makololo of the Shire Valley, they are less a distinct people in Nyasaland than a ruling caste which has dominated and incorporated the local tribes. The Angoni of to-day are very few of them pure Zulus, and, as a rule, only the older warriors and chiefs retain the use of the Zulu language, which, among the Ma-gwangwara of Eastern Nyasaland and Wa-tuta of Tanganyika, has almost entirely died out. Still, among the Angoni, Zulu is yet spoken to a sufficient extent to warrant the Free Church Mission printing a proportion of its school books and religious works in the Angoni dialect of Zulu.

The Angoni very rarely come to the shore of the lake, neither do the Ma-gwangwara, both alike prefer to remain on the great breezy, treeless plateaux which rise up behind Nyasa. The Angoni are a nation of haughty, warlike robbers, like the Masai. They have a perfect passion for the possession of cattle, which they would deny to the unwarlike peoples who inhabit the lake shore. The Angoni, however, discourage the slave trade, and are not very partial to the Swahili traders, with whom, and with the Swahili chieftains of the lake, they are constantly fighting. They are, up to the present time, very well disposed towards the English, but if we are eventually to occupy and administer the country, and maintain security and peace among the native populations under our protection, I am afraid it will not be long before the Angoni will have to be taught very sharply to desist from their periodical cattle raids. Moreover, they require to be instructed as to the evils which result from the reckless disforestation of the country. In Angoni-land for miles and miles not a tree—scarcely a bush—is to be seen. Over a vast extent of country the woods have been entirely destroyed in order to make pasturelands for the cattle. This has affected the water supply, and, therefore, diminished the cultivability of the soil. As, however, the Angoni have allowed the Free Church Mission to plant three stations in their country, and as they pay considerable heed to the missionaries, it is to be hoped that this fine, vigorous race may be gradually brought under our sway, without much recourse to force.

Of all the races in Nyasaland, perhaps the pleasantest to deal with are the Wa-nkonde, who inhabit the Konde plains at the north end of the lake. Their land is a veritable African Arcadia. You may walk miles and miles through banana plantations, and then emerge on wide-stretching fields of maize, millet, and cassava. All the oozy water-meadows are planted with rice; but, above all, the great wealth of the country is in cattle, which, elsewhere by no means common in Nyasaland, thrive remarkably in the Konde district, and, consequently milk and beef are cheap and abundant. The inhabitants of this happy land are a contented, pleasant-dispositioned folk, who knew no trouble until the Arabs sought to subdue them a few years ago. The Wa-nkonde carry out their Arcadian simplicity of life and manners into the matter of clothing, which it may be generally said they absolutely lack, except for a coil of brass or copper wire which the men wear about their middle, and a tiny little patch of bead-worked leather, which would be insufficiently large as a kettle-holder, and which the women don as their only scrap of clothing. With these trifling exceptions, the Wa-nkonde go absolutely naked, not, of course, knowing they were naked (and, consequently, unashamed), until they came more in contact with Europeans, who, as usual, crudely and vulgarly awoke them to a sense of indecency, so that at the present time, when approaching Europeans, the Wa-nkonde strip off a bit of banana leaf and twist it into their waist-belts, as a kind of apron; but, away from European influence, in the heart of their banana groves, or in their tree-shaded clean-swept towns, they loiter about in graceful attitudes, or stroll in their fields with the easy gait of their untrammelled limbs, and, being a very well-proportioned people, they look like so many bronze statues, which it would be prudish and banal to deck with a fig-leaf. The towns of the Wa-nkonde are composed of houses, not packed closely together, but placed at wide intervals in the middle of banana groves and cultivated gardens. Immense shady fig-trees are encouraged to grow, and the carefully-cleared spaces sheltered from the sun by the trees' umbrageous canopy are the favourite resorts of the people, who come there to gossip or to hold consultations on matters affecting the welfare of the community.

The houses of the Wa-nkonde are remarkably pretty in design and almost dainty in their comfort and cleanliness with'n. Like most of the dwellings in this part of Africa, they are round, and not rectangular, in shape. If you turned over a large clay flower-pot, bottom up, and placed upright in the centre of this a flower-pot, and then covered the first flower pot with a second one which is larger and shallower in shape, which is turned downwards, and has a twig stuck into the hole to form an apex, you would have a fair representation of the usual design of a Konde house. These dwellings have, of course, thatched roofs, but are, first of all, constructed with a framework of poles and reeds. The frame-work of the body of the house is a double trellis-work of reeds, and between these are, placed egg-shaped pieces of baked clay, like rounded bricks. The interior of the house-walls are uniformly plastered over with a white-washed clay, which by careful manipulation presents a perfectly even surface, like mortar in appearance. The floor of the house, and the round raised plot on which it stands, are also neatly plastered over with clean hard clay. There is generally a heavy wooden-door, consisting of a single hewn plank, which is made to swing on hinges of leather or rope. The Ba-kisi people, who dwell near and among the Wa-nkonde, are very skilful potters, and make out of this fine white clay of the district pots and pans of all sizes, and a variety of graceful shapes. Altogether the Wa-nkonde people strike me as being one of the nicest races I have come across in Africa, and I believe we shall find them more disposed to profit by our teaching than the other Nyasa tribes. The A-mambwe of the Nyasa-Tanganyika Plateau are also a very fine people, who have become very much attached to the British, having freely enrolled themselves in the service of the African Lakes Company in the war which recently occurred between that trading Corporation and the Arabs. The A-mambwe are also very enterprising carriers, and it is solely through them that we are able to transport goods along the Stephenson Road. They can carry burdens as heavy as the Swahili porters of Zanzibar. Nevertheless, in their own country they are a very quarrelsome, bloodthirsty people, for ever engaged in civil war. Indeed, they used to boast to me that no part of this country was completely at peace, and though these quarrels do not affect the safety of Europeans, still they are rather perturbing to our caravans, because the porters can scarcely remain indifferent to the strife which is going on between the villages passed on the road. This people, like so many of the negro races, absolutely delights in wanton bloodshed. A great deal of head-hunting goes on, and no chief of any

importance in the A-mambwe country thinks any ceremony or rejoicing complete unless he has cut off a few fresh heads of slaves or war-captives, and stick them up on poles round the exterior of his stockaded towns. I remember in one part of the A-mambwe country there was a certain chief called Kera who had heard for some time before of my arrival, that I was intending to visit him, and that I was an official of the British Government. Thinking to give me a becoming



THE RIVER SHIRÉ ABOVE THE RAPIDS



A VICTIM TO A RAID

THE WATER BUCK
(Cobus Ellipsiprymnus)

REEDS ON THE SHIRÉ

and adequate welcome, he massacred twelve people, cut off their heads, and stuck them on a double row of posts leading up to the gateway of his town. In some cases, a ludicrous imitation of a body made in straw was attached to the head. At the end of this ghastly avenue the chief himself awaited me with a smiling face, a consciousness of well-doing, and an enormous basket-work bowl full of delicious frothy fresh milk.

So much for the human inhabitants of Nyasaland. Going a little lower in the scale of animated beings, we find this part of Africa very rich in interesting, large, and striking forms of animal life. There are no anthropoid apes such as haunt the forests of West Africa and the Congo Basin, but as the next best thing we have two or three kinds of large baboons, one of them apparently being the huge and formidable tshakima of South Africa. Various kinds of monkeys haunt the woods, and there is rather a large species of *Galago* lemur which utters a loud plaintive cry at night. The lion and leopard are perhaps more commonly met with—more abundant in numbers than in any other part of Africa at the present day. Lions may sometimes be seen on the banks of the Shiré river in broad daylight from the deck of the steamer on which you are travelling, and cases have occurred, quite recently, where boats tied up to the bank at night have been raided by lions who were emboldened by the presence of fresh meat stored in the boat for the men's food; and on these occasions the panic-stricken crew have fled to the shore and allowed the lions to carry off what they pleased.

Mr. Richard Crawshaw, a well-known sportsman in this region, recently landed from a boat on the Shiré and shot a lion and lioness in the course of a quarter of an hour. The same gentleman also met a leopard face to face, quite close to the civilised settlement of Blantyre, and killed it with the almost point-blank discharge of a shot gun. The leopard skins of Nyasaland are in size and beauty of colouring quite the very finest I have ever met with. I possess one which is as large as the skin of a young lioness which is also in my possession. The cheetah is met with by no means so frequently as the leopard. The serval cat, on the other hand, is very common. Civet cats and genets are exceedingly abundant, as are also the spotted hyena and the black-backed jackal. The porcupins and the African hare

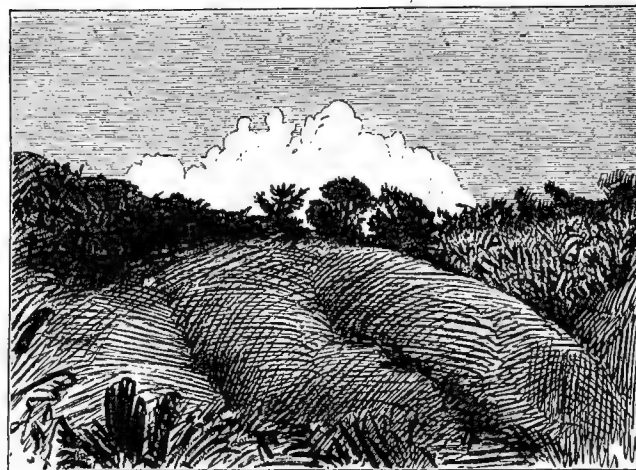
are everywhere met with; the hyrax, or coney, is also reported to exist in these lands, but I have not seen it personally. In spite of the reckless raids of ivory-hunters the elephant is still common in Nyasaland. It is more abundantly met with in the Shiré Valley, on the south-west coast of Nyasa,



THE VILLAGE OF MSANKWA, TANGANYIKA PLATEAU



A BANANA PLANTATION IN BUNTALI



IN BUNTALI

and on the Nyasa-Tanganyika plateau. The tusks obtained from the male animal are, on the whole, quite as large in average size and weight as those exported from the Niger or the Zanzibar countries, but I do not think the ivory quite comes up to the finer kinds obtained in Masailand. The hippopotamus swarms in the rivers and along the shores of the lakes, to a degree which is a positive danger, especially at night time, to boats and canoes, which the hippopotamuses will deliberately chase and endeavour to upset. The hippopotamuses, in fact, are so aggressively vicious, and such a great source of danger to navigation, that they deserve to be very mercilessly dealt with. The rhinoceros is not nearly so abundant in this part of Africa as one might imagine, seeing that it was formerly so extraordinarily common in Africa south of the Zambesi, and at the present day is still found in great numbers in Eastern Equatorial Africa. It exists, however, in the Nyasa-Tanganyika plateau and in the countries to the west of Nyasa. The great plains and grassy steppes, the rolling forested hills, and splendid park-like Savannas of Nyasaland are ranged over by enormous numbers of buffaloes, zebras, and antelopes, of which the species most commonly met with are the elland, kudu, pallah, bush-buck, sable-antelope, harte-beest, gnu, reed-buck, water-buck, bless-bok, and the little blue-grey philantomba, or *Cephalophus* antelope. Perhaps of all these



IN BUNTALI



A BUSH BUCK
(*Tragelaphus Sylvaticus*)

ordinary degree. The marshes at the mouth of the River Lofu, which enters the south end of Lake Tanganyika, surpass any part of the world I ever saw for wildfowl-shooting, or I might more strictly say, wildfowl slaughter, for it is really hardly sport to fire into these dense masses of water-birds—pelicans, spurwing geese, Egyptian geese, stilt plovers, Caspian terns, yellow-beaked ducks, African teal, tree ducks, storks, cranes, the tufted umbre, curlew, plover, egrets, jacanas, and hyacinthine gallinules. The tree ducks are pretty little birds about the size of the teal, with longish, light-grey legs. They perch on the branches of trees, in a very unducklike way, and they build their nests on boughs overhanging the water. When the young are hatched, the mother unceremoniously tumbles them out of the nest into the water, but whether she adopts any means of replacing them in their home, or whether they have to leave their nest for good and for all when they once tumble out of it into the water, I cannot say. The tree duck is uncommonly good to eat—quite a toothsome morsel, in fact.

Nyasaland absolutely swarms with guinea fowl, and as the francolin is also very abundant, and there are numerous species of bustard, it will be seen that one's diet is often and agreeably varied by the addition of these gamebirds to the menu.

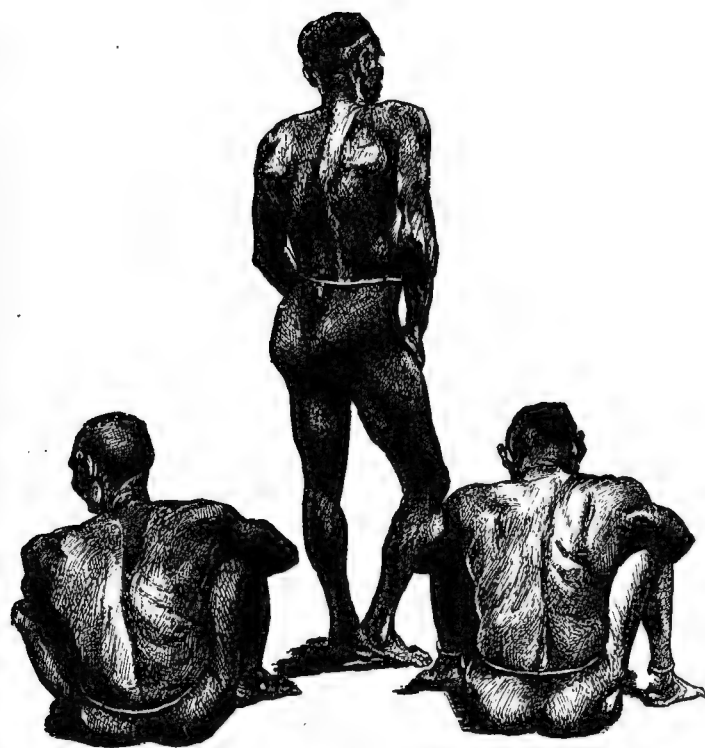
The lakes and rivers are exceedingly productive of fish, and in consequence are infested by crocodiles. These latter are apparently represented by only one species—the common African crocodile.

the reed-buck, which is delicious eating the bush-buck, and the handsome water-buck (*Cobus*), are most frequently met with; indeed, their abundance in some districts is quite amazing, especially on the Nyasa-Tanganyika plateau, where, in the early morning, the herds of reed-buck feeding on the long grass, appear to be flocks of sheep, or some other domesticated ruminants. It is curious that the giraffe and the ostrich, so abundantly found to the south of the Zambesi and in Eastern Africa, from the east shores of Tanganyika to the vicinity of Suakim, should yet be absent from Nyasaland, where, up to the present time, they have not been met with by Europeans nor reported by natives, though these lands would seem to be so eminently fitted to meet the special conditions of their existence.

Excepting the ostrich, however, most of the well-known and typical African birds abound throughout these countries. The Zambesi, the Shiré, and Lake Nyasa, and especially the south end of Lake Tanganyika, teem with waterfowl to an extra-

There is no slender-muzzled gavia (*Me-cistops*), which is found in West Africa.

The landscapes of Nyasaland are very diversified in character, and although the treeless Angoni plateaux are rather sadly same in their monotonous undulations of grassy upland, yet in some parts, and especially in the vicinity of the lakes and rivers, the scenery is hardly ever commonplace; on the upper and lower reaches of the Shiré it is really very fine. In the foreground there are the serpentine windings of the broad river through some great marsh, which is here and there dotted by little lakelets of clear blue water, but for the most part covered with wide stretches of tall reeds. These reeds bear large heads of cream-white flower-tufts, almost as big as those of the pampas-grass, and as the wind blows across the marsh it sways the reeds into wave-like undulations, wherein the great white heads of blossom appear like fluctuating foam cresting the billows of shining green leaf-blades beneath. Rising above this white-flecked sea of glistening grass are abrupt ranges of fantastically-shaped hills and mountains, which girdle in great semicircles of blue mountain wall. Occasionally a glaucous-green Borassus fan-palm rises on a column-like stem from an island in the river or a dry patch in the marsh. The shores are fringed with belts of vivid green papyrus. I think this rush, with its supple, smooth tube-like stem, and its great heads of fine green, silky filaments, is one of the most graceful and artistic things in the vegetable world, and I wonder it has not been taken up by artists as a decorative study with the same ardour they have expended on japonica, sun-flowers, palms, ferns, or any other plant in fashion.



"WANKONDE COSTUMES"

There is a certain amount of picturesqueness in the odd-shaped summits and bold masses of white rock cropping out on the Shiré Highlands, but the forests here are a monotonous, sickly green, without great variety of tint—a green that begins by being a vinous red in the early spring, and ends in the dry season in a russet-brown. In short, I do not much care for the scenery of the Shiré Highlands; what I like best are the evident traces of civilisation in the coffee-plantations, the rose-gardens, the eucalyptus avenues, and the deep red of the newly-cut roads.

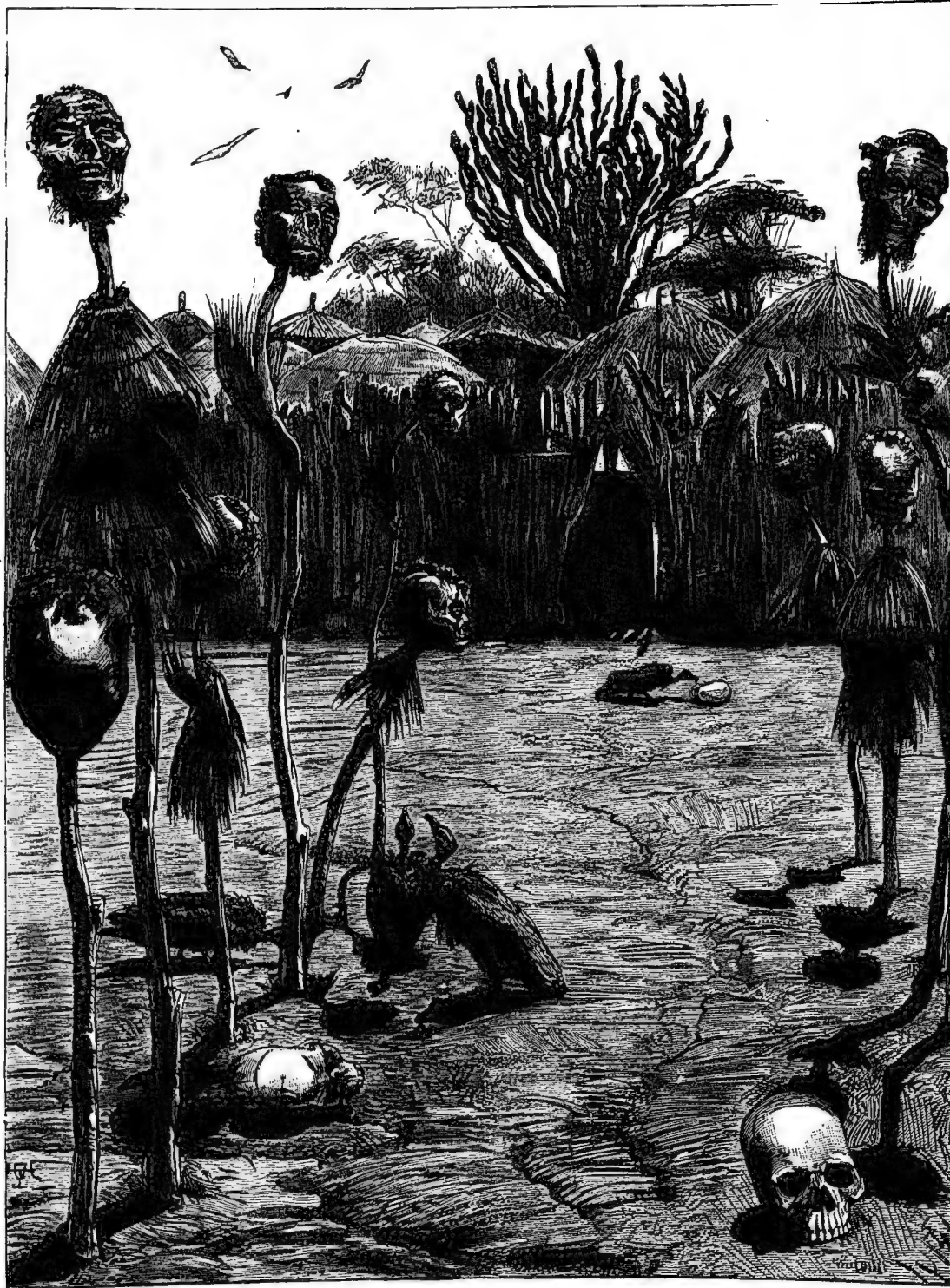
The mountains which border more or less closely the east and west shores of Lake Nyasa go on increasing in size and grandeur till they culminate in the magnificent ranges which flank the northern extremity of the lake, and which in some parts attain an altitude of ten thousand feet. The sight of the Livingstone Mountains, opposite Karonga, rising up a sheer eight thousand feet from the lake waters, like a stupendous jagged wall built in a zigzag, with bastions and outposts, is, I really believe, one of the hundred finest views in the world, strongly resembling in character (July, of course, without the snow) the Norway fjords. The continuance of this range into the country of Ukukwe, where it culminates in the highest point (Mount Rungwe), gives rise to a marvellous variety of scenery—lofty peaks, delicious dells, gloomy moss-hung forests, thread-like cascades, and red, brawling mountain-streams: clusters of yellow mushroom-like native huts perched on some nearly inaccessible spur, and awful precipices, from the brink of which you look down into misty gulfs, where the vultures and ravens are slowly circling and wheeling below you, distinct, warm-brown and velvet-black silhouettes standing out clearly against the bluish-white vacuity of the abyss.

I think the general scenery of the Nyasa-Tanganyika plateau is altogether some of the most striking and pleasing of its kind to be met with in Africa, which, it must be remembered, in the matter of fine scenery, has not been ordinarily so much favoured by Nature as the other three continents. Nothing, you must remember, as yet discovered in Africa, can vie in grandeur and beauty with Switzerland; still less with the Himalayas or Andes. And yet, I should say, that average tropical Africa was much more pleasing in the general character of its landscapes than average America, or the greater part of Asia.

On this Nyasa-Tanganyika plateau, you have another extraordinary unbroken mountain wall—that which rises six or seven thousand feet above the green fertile valleys of the Songwe, Nkana, and Saisi Rivers. The ascent of this mountain range from the eastern side is curiously abrupt, but, when you get to the top, it is like the country of the Beanstalk, quite a new strange land, like an English park, with grassy meads, pretty trickling little streams—really the sources of the Congo—clumps of great shady trees, and myriads of wild flowers, prominent among which are enormous numbers of beautiful yellow *Lissochilus* orchids, which, on an exaggerated scale, look like the cowslips at home. Knee-deep in the green grass of these natural meadows the antelopes are tranquilly grazing like the fallow deer you would see in an English park. Such sweet odours come from the acacia blossoms, the songs of birds are ever in one's ears through the hours of daylight. At night the temperature is cool and crisp; even during the day, the heat of the sun is only that of an English summer. This is the territory—great depopulated as it is by native wars—where we may hope to establish healthy and prosperous colonies of Europeans. Perhaps the most beautiful bit of land in all the favoured district which lies between the two lakes is the country of Buntali, which lies a little to the north of the River Songwe, and not very far from Nyasa. It is an African Devonshire, with its red soil, its rounded hills, covered with short green turf; its many rills and rivulets; its misty climate, and rank vegetation. The only element in the scenery which is strikingly un-English at first sight, is the banana, which here thrives to an exceptional degree, in spite of the cool climate and the altitude of the country, which scarcely drops below five thousand feet. Buntali, which is easily accessible, and has a very friendly people, is clearly marked out as the European sanatorium for North Nyasa.

The cliff scenery at the south end of Tanganyika is rather grand, and there are several strips of fine West African forest filling up the narrow ravines which have been broken through the mountain wall by the violent descent of rivers to the lake. The surroundings of the African Lakes Company's new station of Abercorn are exceedingly pretty, and Zombe, which lies a little further away from the lake, is positively beautiful, but still, on the whole, no part of Tanganyika can be considered such fine scenery as the north end of Nyasa, which is worth going a month's journey into Central Africa to see.

H. H. JOHNSTON



"KERA'S AVENUE"



Messrs. Cassell publish in a neat quarto volume a number of drawings of "London Street Arabs," by Mrs. H. M. Stanley (Dorothy Tennant). Some of them are humorous, some pathetic; and all of them are in plain proof that the artist must have, to quote her own words, "loved the ragamuffin," to have made so many pleasant pictures of one who is often, externally at least, very unattractive. The drawings, we understand, have appeared already in different periodicals, and are now collected for the first time. They form an accurate and faithful record of much of the humbler child-life of our time, and, as such, should have permanent value. Before the pictures comes a preface entitled "By Way of Introduction," in which appear some interesting anecdotes of the child-subjects. A girl of eleven gave amusing expression to the root-emotion which forms the basis of what are facetiously termed socialistic principles. Asked why she wished to live in the country, she replied:—"Because then I shouldn't see a lot of people having a lot of things I can't have." Harry Sullivan, however, was not quite so singular in his view as at first sight he may appear when he gave as his definition of a gentleman, "Oh! a fellow who has a watch and chain." One of the best anecdotes is of "Boy Taylor," who appeared as a Green Demon or Dragon last Christmas at Sanger's Circus. The boys got inside the dragons with some squeezing, and once there they had to pull various strings which made the wings flap and the jaws open. The dragons were then turned into the arena. "I could just see," he said, "the elephant's legs by looking through the dragon's mouth, but we couldn't see much, and they didn't let us come afterwards to look at the show." Taylor's dragon-career was cut short by too much exuberance of spirits in the green-room. So he "got the sack," and lost four shillings a week; but, being a philosophical youth of nine, he observed, amidst his disaster, "You see I can allus say I was a dragon once, and I *did* see the elephant's legs and heard the clown without paying nuffin." Altogether "London Street Arabs" does honour to the amiability and talent of the wife of the distinguished explorer.

The firm of Digby and Long issue a volume intended for the good of literary and journalistic aspirants. It is entitled "The Author's Manual: A Complete and Practical Guide to All Branches of Literary Work," and its author is Mr. Percy Russell. Whether the work will be found of very much advantage to the tyro we may take leave to doubt. He will probably, like the rest, even after the date of the appearance of this publication, have to learn his best wisdom in the school of experience. Still Mr. Russell has evidently got up his subject with much care, and supplies a great deal of useful information, likely, however, to be of value rather to those who have some acquaintance with newspaper and publishing offices than to those who have none. His work is divided into two parts, one of which deals with "Newspaper and Periodical Literature," the other with "Book Literature." Generally his advice and suggestions are sound and to the point, though here and there may be found matter which might have been omitted.

A new volume is added to "Blackwood's Philosophical Classics," a series which is being edited by Dr. William Knight, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of St. Andrew's. This is "Locke," by Mr. Alexander Campbell Fraser, Hon. D.C.L. Oxford, and Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh. It may not be universally remembered that this year is the bicentenary of the first appearance of Locke's "Essay Concerning Human Understanding," and therefore a not inconvenient occasion for a condensed study of Locke—biographical, expository, and critical—and of his life. In the author's view, we need an exhaustive edition of Locke's works freed from errors which have crept into successive editions, and fully elucidated with notes both biographical and critical. Professor Campbell has given us a clear, deeply-informed *resumé* of the life and views of one of the most famous and esteemed of English philosophers.

A useful volume is "Charity Organisation" (Swan Sonnenschein), by Mr. C. S. Loch, B.A., Secretary to the London Charity Organisation Society. It forms the fourteenth issue in a valuable "Social Science Series." Mr. Loch's work is, in fact, the reprint of a paper entitled "De l'Organisation de l'Assistance," written for the Congrès International d'Assistance, held in Paris in July and August, 1889. He supplies a sketch of Charity Organisation, indicative not merely of the methods and plan of the Society with which he is connected, but of the social and other conditions under which alone, in his view, an organisation of charity can take deep root and develop.

People concerned for the proper training of the young people of the poorer classes will find instructive reading in "Elementary Schools: How to Increase Their Utility" (Percival and Co.). The volume is made up of Six Lectures delivered to the Managers of the London Board Schools in 1889 and 1890, and has a preface by Mr. William Bousfield, Chairman of the Committee of Representative Managers of the London Board Schools, and Chairman of the Special Committee of the London School Board on the subjects and modes of instructions in Board Schools. Mr. W. Lant-Carpenter, B.A., B.Sc., deals with "Science Teaching," Professor C. V. Stanford with "Music," Colonel G. M. Onslow with "Physical Culture and Recreation," Mr. George Ricks, B.Sc., with "Hand-and-Eye Training," Miss Ada Heather-Bigg with "Evenings of Amusement," and Mr. W. H. Grieve with "Mechanics." Mr. Bousfield very properly insists on the necessity for instructing poor girls in some of the simpler forms of cookery. Matters of the first importance to the social progress of the masses are here ably treated by experts.

Messrs. Dean and Son publish an authorised translation, illustrated, of "Canary Birds: How to Breed for Profit or Pleasure," by Dr. Karl Russ, author of "Foreign Aviary Birds." This work is an exhaustive treatise on all the different breeds, containing chapters on pairing, colour, breeding, feeding-cages, nesting, egg-food, sanitary measures, diseases to which the canary bird is subject, &c. It may interest some people to learn that the oldest author who has anything to say regarding the canary is Conrad Gessner, whose book, "De Avium Natura," appeared in the second half of the sixteenth century. He had not himself seen the bird, but describes it in accordance with the report of a friend, and calls it "Canarium Aviculum," which has been arbitrarily rendered "sugar-bird," because it was said that this stranger was particularly fond of the sugar-cane, and, indeed, as everybody knows, he does like sugar. "Canary Birds" is full of useful information on its subject.

Amusement of a sort is to be derived from Mr. John Davidson's "Perfervid: The Career of Ninian Jamieson" (Ward and Downey). Altogether we are inclined to give the twenty-three illustrations by Mr. Harry Furniss the palm of merit over the letterpress. The plot is more fanciful than humorous, and the dialogue more fantastic and *lazarre* than witty. Occasionally there are passages characterised by epigrammatic smartness, as for example, the following:—"Mortimer was dissatisfied. An apology to be thoroughly enjoyed must be drawn like a tooth. It must be forthcoming only to invincible argument or the dread of a horsewhip. To fling an apology in one's face is to repeat the insult in an intensified form. Mortimer knew that he himself would not apologise in such an off-hand way as Jamieson had done, except to some one whom he regarded

as of no account. He dreaded it more than sleeve-laughter, and he thought he heard the little fiend chuckling at Jamieson's right cuff." We do not dispute that Mr. Davidson shows much cleverness, and that some of the situations are extremely funny; but extravagant praise of "Perfervid" would amount to critical dishonesty. It is only right, however, to admit that in "Cosmo Mortimer's Story," which forms the second half of the volume, we have a charming picture of a child of imagination, and singular nobility and simplicity of character. The boy Strongoul deserves to live in memory with some of Mrs. Ewing's children.

The Rev. Alfred Kennion, M.A., Vicar of Gerrard's Cross, writes "Principia: or the Three Octaves of Creation" (Elliot Stock). It is a new attempt to show harmony between the first two chapters of Genesis and the teachings of science. The author's contention is that the Creation records, carefully examined and rightly understood, are mutually complimentary, not antagonistic; that they steer clear of all collision with scientific discoveries, and allow free play for all scientific researches. He holds it to be beyond question that there is an allegoric element in these chapters, but believes that it detracts in no wise from the historical character of the whole. Mr. Kennion's theory is certainly a very ingenious one, and seems deserving of attentive study by those interested in the subject.

We have also received Mr. Newton Tempest's "Forreston" (Digby and Long); Mr. Lawrence Cave's "Scenes in the Life of a Sailor" (Digby and Long); and "In the Verdant West" (Simpkin, Marshall)—a collection of essays descriptive of West of England scenery by Mr. Charles A. M. Press.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

FROM an interesting paper on precious stones recently read before the Franklin Institute, and since published in the *Institute Journal*, we gather several valuable notes concerning the diamond. This stone possesses a fascination for everybody, and we are quite sure that any new facts concerning it will be eagerly welcomed. With reference to the popular impression that a genuine stone will not break, even if struck with a hammer on an anvil, we learn that several valuable stones have been shattered in such an attempted test, for although crystallised carbon is the hardest of all known substances, it is very brittle, and can easily be broken. Other very hard substances will scratch glass, but the natural edge of a diamond crystal will alone cut it. We also learn from this same paper of the extraordinary precautions which are taken in South Africa to prevent the workers secreting some of the valuable stones which they are employed to find, and also of the devices which are practised in order to hide the illicit booty. In one case a suspected Kaffir was chased by some officials, and they only came up with the delinquent in time to see him shoot one of his oxen. No gems were found upon him, but it afterwards transpired that he had used diamonds instead of slugs with which to kill his beast, and these he afterwards successfully recovered from the carcass. Diamonds, too, have been used to feed chickens, and on one occasion the autopsy of a Kaffir revealed the fact that death was due to a sixty-carat gem which had stuck in his gullet.

The recent meeting of the British Association at Leeds may be regarded as very successful in the number and variety of papers read, although the attendance of members was smaller than was expected. Several of the papers were of unusual interest, but did not give publication to new discoveries. An exception, however, must be pointed to in the paper read before the Chemical Section by Mr. A. G. Green, which dealt with a new photographic printing process, due to a recently discovered coal tar colour called "Primuline." This substance takes the form of a light yellow powder, and has already found employment in the Arts, but its application as a photographic agent was now for the first time revealed. The reader of the paper was not content with a mere verbal description of the behaviour of primuline in this new character, but treated his audience to a demonstration of its powers. He first of all dissolved some of the dye in water, which was kept hot in an enamelled iron dish, and he then immersed in the liquid a piece of white cotton cloth, which was quickly dyed to a yellow tone. This wet cloth, after being washed in water, and wrung out by hand, was exposed to daylight in a printing-frame beneath a transparent picture, in the same way that a piece of sensitive silver paper is commonly exposed beneath a negative. After a few minutes' exposure to light, the picture on the fabric was developed by immersion in another liquid, and the operation was complete. Different colours are obtained in this process by varying the nature of the developer, and so far as can be at present ascertained the colours are permanent. This new method of obtaining prints on fabrics or paper is likely to meet with many applications, and we shall doubtless soon hear of some of them. It is already predicted that primuline printing will prove a rival to existing processes for reproducing copies of engineers' and architects' drawings. The advantage of having a working plan on a material which will not easily tear, and which can be thrust into the pocket like a handkerchief, needs no recommendation.

Results due to the above process may at first be mistrusted on the ground that all coal-tar colours are of a fugitive description. This is certainly the popular impression, but one which the reader of another paper which was brought before the British Association, Professor Hummel, has done his best to demolish. This discourse on "Fast and Fugitive Dyes" is a model of what such a paper should be. The Professor told his hearers that both the trusted old-fashioned dyes of vegetable origin, as well as the more modern ones derived from coal-tar, have both fast and fugitive members among their number. Of coal-tar colours there are at present no fewer than 330 distinct kinds, and of these about thirty give extremely fast colours, about an equal number giving moderately fast colours. On the other hand, there are about thirty natural dye-stuffs of which only ten can be regarded as reliable so far as permanence is concerned. So that, as a result, the mistrusted coal-tar colours give us three times as many serviceable tints as the old dye-stuffs.

A spider's web can no longer be pointed to as the finest and most perfect thread which can be made, for Professor Boys has most perfectly shown how a quartz fibre can be manufactured of far greater delicacy. By dipping an arrow into melted quartz and firing it from a bow, he obtains a silky filament of mineral matter of the most perfect nature, which can be used as a suspender for very delicate apparatus. It seems somewhat unkind to make a spider exhibit the manner in which Art had outstripped Nature in this direction, but Professor Boys made the insect give a demonstration of the fact. By means of the optical lantern the image of a living spider on its web was projected on a screen, and the same spider was afterwards shown in like manner walking over an artificial web made of quartz fibres. On this material it slipped continually, showing that the surface of the quartz was far smoother than the web to which it was accustomed.

It would seem that the promoters of a Channel bridge are not daunted by the reception which the Channel Tunnel Scheme periodically receives when brought before the notice of Parliament, for we learn that experiments are going forward in the sea near Folkestone with a view to test the geological structure of the bed of the Channel upon which the piers of the proposed bridge are to rest. On the French side similar observations have already been satisfactorily concluded, and so far, the English experiments show that there is nothing to stand in the way of the accomplishment of the enterprise save a few sandbanks which could be bridged over. The modern engineer has long ago expunged the word "impossible" from his vocabulary, but the financier, unfortunately, is still bound to retain it in his service.

A Canadian inventor has patented a device which is called "an artificial lake and water-slide," which, if established in places of popular resort, would doubtless fulfil its mission in finding many patrons. It has possibly been suggested to the inventor's mind by the well-known switchback railway—to which it bears some resemblance—while the sensation of travelling upon it must be identical, with the added charm of a possible ducking. The apparatus consists of a large tank, with a platform above it, from which starts an inclined plane, down which rushes an artificial river. A small boat, with its complement of passengers, is propelled down this "slide" into the lake below, and, after performing this feat, is hauled up by tackle and winlass to start on its adventurous voyage once more. Water from below is continually pumped up to the higher level to feed the slide.

Like the old country, America has its Association for the Advancement of Science, and its annual meeting has just been held at Indianapolis. The subjects discussed were of the same nature as those treated of at the British Association meeting, but many of them possessed a distinct local interest. For instance, such subjects as "Natural Gas: Its Supply, and Possibilities of Continuance," "The Indian Origin of Maple Sugar," "The Forest Trees of Indiana," and many others, while of national importance, are not of absorbing interest to outsiders. The American meeting is in arrangement founded upon that of the old country—papers being read before different sections, while the social element is not wanting, and finds expression in sundry excursions to neighbouring places of interest.

T. C. H.



"NELLY BLYTHE," by Jessie E. Greenwood (2 vols.: Ward and Downey), begins more interestingly than it goes on; but, even at its least excellent level, the story is brightly told, pleasantly written, and generally entertaining. Nelly herself is an exceedingly sympathetic portrait, more especially in the reaction of her nature when she is allowed a reprieve from the excess of good fortune by which she was being unconsciously weighed down. Jessie E. Greenwood is kind enough to provide Nelly with two unexceptionable lovers from different points of view—one, the heir to a dukedom and a leading statesman, in every way worthy of his position and of the happiness which he finally wins; the other a painter, who unquestionably would have carried Nelly off in orthodox fashion from his ducal rival, and have proved equally worthy of the prize. His death at the hands of poachers—the authoress's rather forced and clumsy method of settling the question—is accompanied by an incident entirely out of harmony with the simple and natural tone of the novel. The young painter's death is predicted by means of capnomancy—a divination by means of smoke which can only have been unnecessarily and inappropriately dragged into the story for the sake of describing, apparently in solemn seriousness, some new revival of superstition in drawing-rooms as a change from the now rather stale amusements of reading hands and coffee-grounds. The business is given so ineffectively as to suggest that it must have fallen within the authoress's own cognisance—a paradox with the soundness of which skilled novelists will agree. Wherever she trusts to her imagination, and to her impressions of human nature, she is on safe and congenial ground.

Mary E. Hullah's "As the Tide Turns" (1 vol.: Ward and Downey) is an equally well-written novel of a much more melancholy cast. It is to a considerable extent a theatrical story, the leading characters being an actor and actress who unexpectedly find themselves in possession of a baronetcy, and of the responsibilities attaching to a great estate and a county family. He, having taken to the stage only out of a younger son's necessities, falls into his position naturally; she, an actress born and bred, accepts it with regret in her heart, and can neither reconcile herself to it, though she tries her best to do so, nor break with her old associations. How it came to pass that the husband is one evening horrified to see his wife, led by harmless but unlucky circumstances, and by a thoughtless impulse, in her old place upon her familiar stage, Miss Hullah's ingenuity must be left to tell. We can only wish that the *dénouement* had been less tragic, as it would probably have been in real life; or that, if somebody had to be put to death, it had been the husband. Probably Miss Hullah thought that they could never have come really together again. But it is the wife's happiness that her readers will exclusively care about; and she would certainly have found it as a widow when fresh stage triumphs had blotted out her first feeling of sorrow. Miss Hullah has done better work; but "As the Tide Turns," considered as the study of a single character well shown off by carefully-selected surroundings, is to be welcomed on artistic as well as on popular grounds.

Throughout the earlier portion of "Cast Out," by Morice Gerard (2 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), one has a curious doubt whether one is not reading a vaguely-remembered novel for a second time. On consideration, however, the reader will realise that he has assisted in a rectory garden at speculations concerning the strangers who are going to take up their abode at the long-unoccupied great house not once, but many times. When the introductory portion is over, the impression fades away, even though the plot turns upon the discovery of missing documents by a somnambulist just in time to defeat the machinations of a wicked solicitor. Whence it may be concluded that Morice Gerard has worked up his materials with more freshness than was reasonably to be expected. The characters certainly cannot be called interesting; but their virtue and villainy, beauty and ugliness, are laid on thickly and boldly, and they perform their allotted duties in the plot with unflinching consistency and punctuality.

The leading fault of "One of the Wicked," by Godfrey Burchett (2 vols.: Ward and Downey)—and it is a grave one—is that there is too much talk for talking's sake, and not of good quality. Otherwise, it is by no means a bad novel, compared with the great majority. In this story also the colours of all kinds are laid on thickly; and as to general wickedness, the reader may almost choose out of a considerable number of characters which is best fitted for the title-role. Pedro Mallerock is, no doubt, actually the wickedest, seeing that he not only commits homicide in a moment of passion, but he tries to incriminate an innocent woman—who, by the way, is the one really sympathetic character in a story where nearly all the rest are either scoundrels or bores. An important portion of the plot consists of the detection of the true criminal in the teeth of circumstantial evidence, and even of a false confession, on the part of the accused; and this is all very clumsily managed. All this does not read like praise, and is not meant for it; but, in spite of all its faults, the interest taken in the fortunes of Esther will be found very real.

"Princess Féodor's Pledge, and Other Stories" (1 vol.: Hutchinson and Son), is a volume in which Mr. George Manville Fenn scarcely does himself full justice. These tales, of which the first, giving the collection its general title, is the best, are examples of his slighter work; and the slap-dash style, to which he is always prone, is carried rather too far. That they are thoroughly healthy in tone, and full of life and movement, goes without saying; and "Princess Féodor's Pledge," at any rate, is delightfully fantastic and "creepy." Nobody is likely to guess what is coming—until it comes.

ALL ON A SYDNEY TRAMCAR

"To Redfern, Alexandria, Waterloo, Botany." So shrieks the sturdy conductor as we stand at the Bridge Street tram terminus in Sydney, and along with the hurrying bustling crowd tumbling pell-mell into the cars we "get aboard." It is not such a great affair nowadays to visit hoary historic spots like Alexandria, Waterloo, and Botany. An Australian can accomplish it all in an afternoon, and at a very trifling expenditure. But the "iron horse" is off, and here we are already at our first stopping-place. The street is Bent Street, and the large unpretentious building on the left is the Government Printing Office. Here are turned out all the railway tickets, tram tickets, and postage stamps used over the colony; and here are printed the various Government documents and precious Parliamentary "Hansard," containing the orations, wise and otherwise, of the legislators of New South Wales.

And now that we have had time to settle down, we shall have a glance at our fellow passengers. It is a Saturday afternoon, bright and cloudless, and the unsightly double-decked cars are well filled. There is paterfamilias along with his numerous progeny; he has been holiday-making—finding "a pleasure in the pithless woods." They have been across the harbour—at Mossman's, or Lavender Bay, or maybe as far as Manly, the paradise of wild-flowers, and now they are all laden with the spoils of the bush—fern and shrub and flower—and are homeward bound.

Many others are here who have also been on pleasure bent—young men and maidens, giggling and garrulous, returning from a trip to Middle Harbour, or the Heads, or some other of the numerous holiday resorts. It is interesting to observe for a moment the "goings on" of these little groups, for it is soon perceivable that by a process of natural separation the mass has detached itself into tiny clusters. Here is a youthful Adonis, with his fair companion. He has not been long acquainted, and is not very sure of his ground. He is somewhat careful of committing or revealing himself completely all at once, and in consequence he is constrained and shy. His partner, too, seems fully endowed with the natural feminine art of concealing one's self, and there is not, therefore, a great deal of familiarity or freedom, but, in spite of all the smiling, a good deal of stiff and stilted dignity in their demeanour.

But there you have a more jovial pair. The conversation is hearty, and flows forth without restraint. Unless there happens an unforeseen calamity, those two will sail life's sea together. They are well on the way to understand one another, but beneath the mirth and merriment of the young lady there can be detected an undercurrent of seriousness. That damsel means matrimony; we do not blame her. Frank is quite good-looking, and seems in every way admirable, and he will be a willing captive when she lands her prize; but he enjoys the excitement of a little uncertainty, and to fond hearts like Julia's all uncertainty is tantalising. Frank might make matters sure for that fair one, and speedily allow himself to be drawn ashore.

But you will find specimens there of almost all the stages of the tender passion. You will observe those with the candid, confiding manner—the air of settled serenity, as if peace were proclaimed with all the world; and you will notice also those who have not nearly arrived at that happy condition of being "booked through."

Here, however, is a passenger with little sentiment about him. His youthful dreams are over. Time, and care, and folly have written those wrinkles on his brow; and at present he has scanty interest in aught save his swag, which, along with his black billy-can, he has deposited under his seat. In a brief conversation he informs us that he is an old hand in the colonies. In the best days he had luck at the diggings; but, like hundreds more, he made the gold go as fast as it came, and spent more on drink than would make a respectable fortune, or would keep him in comfort in his old days. He is en route to the railway-station, and thence to a squatter's run in the country to undertake the erection of a fence. To-morrow (Sunday) he will spend rigging up his camp, and preparing for a start on Monday. And thus he tells his tale; and it is for ever wise that "old hands" should be permitted to spin their yarns after their own fashion, for the simplest inquiry as to the "how and wherefore" of their entrance to the colonies will often-times strike an unpleasant chord.

In a quiet nook at the further end of our car are seated a couple of Chinamen—pigtails and all. They are young, and are evidently members of the market gardening fraternity. In the earlier hours of the day they were occupied delivering their vegetables, but that work has ceased long ago, and they are now intent on reaching their

slab hut and their garden at Botany as soon as steam and tram stoppages will allow. The usual night watering of their plants has to be attended to before they finish up their week, and may "turn in." We remarked that these Chinamen were young. You will find older specimens, with skin more shrivelled—more like a smoked herring—in the shops for the sale of fireworks, and in the "fan-tan" and opium-dens in the city. But the Chinese gardeners, as a rule, are not old. The continual trotting around with the heavy loads of vegetables slung from the ends of the bamboo arrangement across the shoulders is not work for old men.

But while we have been ruminating we have proceeded well on our journey. Many of our fellow-passengers have dropped off, and their places have been supplied with fresh arrivals. We have passed King Street, and the Supreme Court at its corner—a dull, heavy-looking building. Many a litigant and many an insolvent have thoughts of it far from blissful—thoughts as dismal as the structure. "He has gone up King Street" is the slang expression applied regarding a New South Wales bankrupt. The situation of the Supreme Court naturally gives rise to it.

We have passed the Domain, where the unemployed muster their

breeze blowing cool from the bay. Chinamen's gardens now abound on both sides of the way, and presently we whirl past the "Gardeners' Lane," the "Sir Joseph Banks" pleasure grounds, and finally reach our destination—the Botany tram terminus.

Not many of the passengers who started with us have survived the journey; but a number of noticeable individuals can be not only seen but heard, as they descend from the top storey of the cars. They are half-a-dozen blackfellows and several of their "gins," and they are sufficiently noisy and demonstrative to attract attention. It is a punishable offence to sell to them intoxicants, but somewhere they have managed to get drunk, and now they reel and totter to a neighbouring green spot, and throw themselves to sober on the sward.

The "gins" have their "picaninnies" with them—made fast in a piece of old rag on their backs—and it is no tender treatment those babes receive from their drunken and almost helpless mothers; but the little ones show no sign of objection to the rough usage, and have evidently "been there before." When several hours have elapsed, the party will gather themselves up, and make their way to their camp, not far distant, in the bush.

The Australian aboriginal is rapidly disappearing. Fewer become the Government blankets at each annual distribution, and fewer grow the free passes granted them by rail and tram; and the time draws swiftly near when, before the march of civilisation, with its cruel accompaniments, the poor native will be crushed out.

Although Botany is an ancient locality—as Australian age goes—it is not yet a populous place. No hand but Nature's has meddled with many a spot around it since the days when the "pale faces" first beheld it; no "ivy-mantled towers" tell of the white man's extended proprietorship; and it is meet that here, of all places, a blackfellows' camp should still be found, and some of those dusky beings should remain to remind us of the days when the wide Australian territory was all their own; when the stroke of the tomahawk and the "whirr" of the boomerang were heard only by the stolid gum trees or the startled kangaroo.

And with thoughts like these we bid adieu to our tramcar and to our reader.

R. L.

A RUSSIAN CENTENARIAN, 115 years old, has died at Sackenhof, in the Province of Courland, so says a French contemporary. M. Feodor de Freimann fought in the campaign against Napoleon I., and when 101 years of age he married his fifth wife, a girl of seventeen.

NELSON'S FAMOUS Victory has been in the war-again, though lying quietly in Portsmouth Harbour. Owing to a strong tide four yachts were dragged from their moorings and collided with the old ship, the rigging of the five vessels being so entangled that the Victory lost some of her spars.

THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM has acquired a splendid carved oak bedstead which once belonged to Henry IV. of France. It comes from Turton Tower, one of the oldest manor houses in Lancashire, and is dated 1593, the year when Henry perverted to Roman Catholicism, declaring that "Paris vaut bien une messe."

"PROGRESSIVE CONVERSATION PARTIES" are the latest social torture invented across the Atlantic. A square is made of five rows of chairs, five in a row, fastened together with dainty hands of ribbon. The first chair in each row bears a card denoting the special topic of conversation for the guests.

The hostess rings a bell, the guests begin to talk on their respective topics, and a critic walks up and down the rows to decide which conversation deserves the prize of a gold star.

THE FASHIONABLE AUTUMN COLOURS IN PARIS will be blue, brown, and bluish-grey. Political associations still cling to the favourite tints, witness the "Clairvaux blue" and "Gris gabelle," named in honour of the young Duc d'Orléans' brief imprisonment. We often stuffs will quite supersede silk, especially rough materials with long hairs on the surface, called "Horse's Mane," "Aksalom," "Capuchin's Beard," and "Tresses." And, as Russia is being courted on all sides, "Russian Braid" will be the most popular trimming for dresses.

AN ADVENTUROUS JOURNEY ACROSS TIBET has just been completed—M. Bonvalot, the well-known explorer, and Prince Henry of Orléans, son of the Duc de Chartres, having reached Hanoi in Tonkin. The explorers suffered many hardships, being half-frozen, besides losing several men and horses. Still they managed to travel over 1,000 miles of desert, and bring back much valuable geographical information, besides a goodly collection of the fauna and flora of the region.



THE END OF THE SEASON—A SUDDEN SHOWER

forces. By day and by night, in good times and bad, they are there—men of all ages, well acquainted, the most of them, with the inside of Darlinghurst Gaol—men who manage to exist somehow, without money and without work.

We have also left behind the railway terminus at Redfern, and the Prince Alfred Park, containing the Exhibition building. From the Redfern station one can now travel northwards, without break, to Brisbane; or to Adelaide southwards. The Exhibition building is made use of as a public hall. It comfortably accommodates five thousand persons, and it is usually from its platform that distinguished public lecturers and speakers from the home lands address their audiences.

Passing along the Botany Road, we have Alexandria on the right and Waterloo on the left—portions of the Sir Daniel Cooper estates. They are the working men's suburbs; but their high-claim to special notice. Millions there may be in plenty among the inhabitants, but as yet they are mute; and Cromwells, but their valorous deeds are before them.

Soon "the teeming haunts of men" fade into the distance, and we rapidly approach the open country, and can sniff the fresh, free

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THE TURF.—The Newmarket Second October Meeting began on Tuesday, when the most important event was the Clearwell Stakes. There were only two runners, however, Mr. Fenwick's Mimi and Prince Soltykoff's Woolsthorpe, and the former, with 8 to 1 laid on her, won easily. The Flying Welter Handicap fell to Mr. Redfern's Magistrate, and the Cambridgeshire Trial Plate to Evergreen, Ringmaster being shut out just as his chance appeared a good one. Next day the Middle Park Plate attracted a good deal of attention. There were nine runners, of which Orvioto came in for most support. He failed to run into the first three, however, and the race fell to M. E. Blanc's Gouverneur, Siphonia and Orion being second and third respectively. Countess Therry won the High Weight Handicap. Thursday was the Cesarwitch day, but we must reserve our account of the big handicap till next week.

The minor meetings last week were remarkable for the number of horses which secured winning brackets twice on consecutive days. At Nottingham, Grecian Bend and Sir Hamilton were among those thus favoured; at Warwick, Porridge and Maggie Cooper each scored twice; while at Hamilton Park, no fewer than three—Ossidine, Dauntless, and The Solent—had a similar run of luck. It is hardly necessary to say that these successes usually do not mean any very remarkable excellence on the part of the successful animals, but rather judicious "placing" by their owners.—The racing at Kempton Park on Friday and Saturday calls for rather more detailed notice. The principal event on the first day was the valuable Great Breeders' Produce Stakes. In this history repeated itself with a vengeance. Last year, it will be remembered, Mr. Milner's Riviera, which started favourite, was just beaten by Dearest, most to every one's surprise. This year the winner was Lord Calthorpe's Blavatsky, which started a rank outsider, and the second, only beaten by a neck, was Mr. Milner's Valauris, an own brother to Riviera. To complete the parallel, Blavatsky, like Dearest, hailed from Jewitt's stable. The other great event was the Champion Nursery Handicap. This also fell to an outsider, Sir R. Jardine's Bondage; Mr. Houldsworth's Susiana was second.

Barring accidents, no one is likely to displace Tommy Loates from his position at the head of the winning jockeys. He is about thirty victories ahead of his nearest rival, George Barrett. His average, however, is not so good as that of either Watts, Fagan, or Tom Cannon, each of whom has scored a victory in every four rides.

There is as great a run as ever on the so-called "fashionable" sires. Thus Barcaldine's lists for 1891 and 1892 are already full, his fee being 100 gs. for the first, and 200 gs. for the second year; while Minting (150 gs.) and Rosebery (100 gs.) have only three or four vacancies apiece for 1892.

FOOTBALL.—The sympathy of all good sportsmen should be with the Scottish Association in their endeavours to put down professionalism. Much interest is taken in the pending case, in which the Renton Club threatens legal proceedings against the Association for expelling them. The Renton men's misbehaviour consisted in playing a match against a club calling itself the Edinburgh Saints,

which in reality was, the St. Bernards, a club which the Association had previously expelled.—Three matches between English and Scotch clubs took place last week. Notts Forest defeated Queen's Park, but Sunderland and Celtic, and Everton and 3rd Lanark R.V. played drawn games.—For Southerners the most interesting result of the Association Cup Qualifying Competition was the defeat of a strong team of Swifts by the Old Etonians. Nothing would delight amateur footballers more than to see the Cup eventually won by the Old Etonians, who last secured it in 1882, or by the Old Carthusians, who were victorious in 1881. The latter defeated the Old Brightonians on Saturday, after a good game.—In League matches, Preston North End succumbed to Blackburn Rovers, but Everton continued their victorious career with an easy victory over Derby County, and are now the only club which has not suffered a defeat.—Rugbywise, we may note the victories of Blackheath over Dulwich College and Old Merchant Taylors', of Richmond over Rosslyn Park, of Bradford over Liverpool, and of the Old Leysians over the Harlequins.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Sid Thomas's two miles in 9 min. 35 3-5 sec. was the best thing at the L.A.C. sports on Saturday.—The Salford Harriers' team are not doing well in America.—Poor old Hanlan, who suffered yet another defeat; this time at the hands of Teemer, who was conceding the ex-Champion a start.—Walter Wright has left St. Thomas's Hospital, with good hopes of the use of his thumb being eventually quite restored. A subscription is being raised for this excellent but unlucky cricketer, under the auspices of the *Sportsman*.—Jack Burke has challenged Slavin; no business is likely to result.—The 220 Yards Amateur Swimming Championship was won by W. Evans, Manchester Swan S.C., in 2 min. 51 1-5 sec., the best time on record. This is Evans's fifth championship.

THE re-opening of the Gaiety Theatre with one of those elaborate burlesques for which this popular house has long enjoyed an acknowledged pre-eminence, is an event which brings joy to the heart of a considerable section of the play-going public. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones may frown like Apemantus at the feast of Timon, or the deep-browed Sophist in the hall of Lycius and his serpent bride, but still the "sacred lamp" burns brightly in the Strand, and never more brightly than on Saturday evening last, when Messrs. Sims and Pettitt's *Carmen Up to Date* was presented to a crowded, an excited, but an eminently friendly audience. Sadder still, from Mr. Jones's point of view, burlesque "numbers good intellectuals." Sitting in the stalls on this occasion, side by side with the frivolous young gentlemen with choice flowers in their button-holes, and the frivolous young ladies in diaphanous evening attire, were to be seen more than one grave and dignified personage, who presumptively would not have been there if they had not felt pleasure in the quips and cranks, the antics and topical songs and duets of Mr. Lonnien and Mr. Arthur Williams, the graceful posturings of Miss Letty Lind, or the tuneful warblings of Miss Florence St. John. We may even say that no spectators were observed to laugh more heartily than the dignified persons who were thus lending their countenance to the proceedings on the stage. All this seems to suggest that there must be something narrow and unphilosophical in Mr. Jones's theories. After all, Mr. Jones's more serious wares do not fail of their market. Poetical drama and good comedy are still well in demand. Why, then, should we deny the lover of burlesque his favourite pastime? Why seek to extinguish his "sacred lamp"? Thomas Hood and Mark Twain are not to be compared with Shakespeare and Milton, yet there are

moments when even the Shakespeare and Milton Colator may feel more in the mood for the modern humourists. Why not? it may be asked. As to the latest of Mr. George Edwardes' productions, it may be admitted that there is nothing very intellectual about it; but its extravagances are often diverting, its scenes are always bright, its music, provided by Mr. Lutz in prodigal abundance, is always tuneful. Altogether, *Carmen up to Date* is a success, and is long likely to draw audiences to the Gaiety.

We are compelled to reserve until next week a notice of the re-opening of the SHAFTESBURY Theatre under Miss Wallis's management, with Mr. Buchanan's new drama of Russian life entitled *The Sixth Commandment*. For the present we must content ourselves with noting that Miss Wallis plays a leading part, in association with Mr. Lewis Waller, Miss Marion Lea, Mr. Marius, and Mr. Waring; and that the ladies and gentlemen who fill the humbler parts—down, we believe, even to the *personæ muicæ* of the play—are understood to have been engaged from among the members of a well-known school of dramatic artists. Time was when these humbler personages were classed under the technical denomination of "Adelphi Guests." They were reputed in those days to be distinguishable by their cheap, ill-fitting garments; some, if the stage legends may be trusted, have been fain to dip their hands in flour in default of white kid gloves. These days have, however, been left far behind; and it is said that one of the lady dramatic students at the Shaftesbury on Wednesday wore a dress which cost 150*l*.

The adaptation of Miss Broughton's "*Nancy*," brought out at the Lyric Theatre in the summer, has been resuscitated at the ROYALTY Theatre, which has been taken by Miss Harriett Jay for that purpose. There is vitality in the piece, if humour, freshness of idea and treatment, and excellent acting are to count for anything, and *Sweet Nancy* may yet be destined to win a lasting popularity. Miss Annie Hughes's impersonation of the wayward heroine is as delightful as ever.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree, who has been gathering golden opinions from the criticisms of the provincial critics upon *A Village Priest*, has returned to town with his company, and resumed the performances of Mr. Grundy's much-talked-of adaptation at the HAYMARKET.

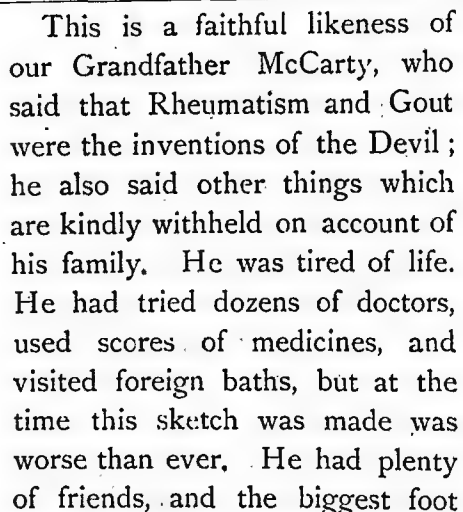
MR. SADLER'S WELLS has at last given up the hope of regaining its old position as a temple of the drama, and henceforth it will rank with the music halls. If the ghost of the late Mr. Phelps still haunts the banks of the now invisible New River, it may well be disturbed by this ignoble sequel to that great actor's memorable management. But it was inevitable. Since locomotion has become cheap and easy, the day of suburban houses which aspire to compete with the higher theatres of the West End of London is gone for ever. After all, Sadler's Wells only returns to something like its original status, which was that of concert-hall and tea-garden.

The COURT Theatre, which has been closed for some months after an unusually long season, will reopen this evening, when Mrs. John Wood and her company will reappear in *The Cabinet Minister*.

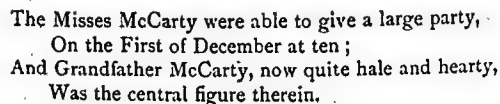
Dr. Bill has been reproduced in New York, but has not proved so successful as at our Avenue Theatre. This is, however, attributed to the American company, who "played," it is said, "too seriously."

Mr. Clement Scott's recent lecture on the modern stage, with thirty years' reminiscences of first nights, is to be repeated at the GARRICK Theatre for the benefit of the Actors' Benevolent Fund.

The revival of *Still Waters Run Deep* at the CRITERION has been postponed till Monday next. Meanwhile Mr. Charles Wyndham, Miss Mary Moore, and Mrs. Bernard Beere—now recovered from her long and severe illness—have been appearing in this clever little domestic drama in Manchester.



in London; he had completely used up every profane word in the English language, and still he was not happy. He told everybody that curing Rheumatism was like trying to shovel wind off the roof. It was the intention of his daughters to give a great ball on the First of December, but Grandfather McCarty's condition was such that unless he could be cured no ball could be given. After much persuasion they induced the old gentleman to have his foot thoroughly rubbed with ST. JACOBS OIL. This was only two days before the ball, but the result was so magical, and the transformation so great, that:



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cleanly, and there can be no better providing
in this respect for the hot sun and warm
winds and dust of travel than a cake of*

"PEARS"

*which, under such circumstances, I have
found very efficient in the prevention of
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FROM AN ARTICLE BY

Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E.

Lecturer on Health under the "Combe Trust;"
Lecturer on Physiology at the Edinburgh University;
Editor of "Health."

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THE EXHIBITION OF THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN

If there is nothing very new, there is much that is interesting to be seen in the Photographic Society's Exhibition in Pall Mall. Matters photographic have now reached such a pitch of perfection that, unless some great and startling discovery is made, such as a method of photographing in colours, it is impossible to hope for anything absolutely new. The walls of the room in which the Exhibition is held are hung with some six hundred photographs, many of which show high artistic perception, and a profound mastery of processes. In the catalogue, there is a very significant announcement, "Pictures not otherwise specified are by the Platinum Process," and indeed it is curious to note how completely the Platinum Process is ousting, not only the once popular silver print, but also all other methods of printing. Platinum has its limitations as well as silver, but some of the landscapes printed by the former process are in the highest degree artistic, and prove that photography has thoroughly lived

down the sneer that its pictures are merely mechanical. Mr. R. W. Robinson exhibits his collection of portraits of Royal Academicians, in which he has successfully aimed at producing a characteristic study of the sitter as well as a faithful portrait. Mr. Lyddell Sawyer's humorous photographs show that rigidity of pose is not an absolute necessity in groups, and for his "Two's Company" this photographer gets a medal. Another excellent group, "The Love Letter," by Mr. John E. Austin, also obtains the Society's medal. Studies of yacht-racing are always very popular, and therefore it is not surprising to see a good number of them at the Exhibition. Perhaps the frame of yacht-racing scenes, printed by the silver process, and sent by Harry Symonds, is the best collection of this style of work. Mr. Shapoor N. Bhedwar sends a most excellent series, and Mr. W. J. Byrne's "At Home" portraits, which are taken at the sitters' own residences, are really wonderfully successful. The portraits are, as a rule, extremely good—those of M. and Madame de Falbe, Mr. Gladstone, and Dr. Selle being perhaps those which attract most attention. But all the portraits, whether of children or of grown-up people, show a marvellous advance

both in manipulation and in artistic taste over the work which passed current not so very many years ago. The table in the centre of the room is occupied with the apparatus sent by various makers. Improvements and modifications in the detective or hand cameras attract a good deal of attention, for these cameras are getting more popular every day, and are rapidly taking the place of sketch-books. Some of the new improvements are very ingenious and useful, and, as all unnecessary space and mechanism is being done away with, these cameras are largely reduced in size and weight. Mr. Slingsby exhibits a specimen of his flash light apparatus and stands, which he advocates for instantaneous views of groups in interiors of houses. Some specimens of photographs taken by a flash light may be seen on the walls, and they are fairly successful. There are some excellent specimens of Mr. J. Desiré England's celluloid film negatives taken on films prepared by himself, and a process called diazotype printing, which is a photographic application of "Primuline," a new coal-tar dye, should also be noticed. Altogether, the Exhibition is a very interesting one, and will well repay the amateur photographer the trouble of a visit.

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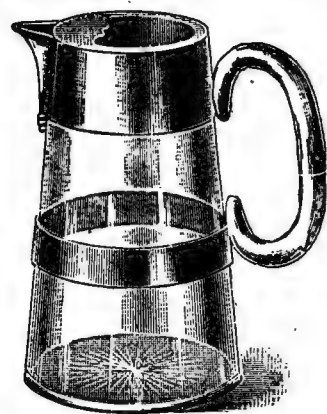
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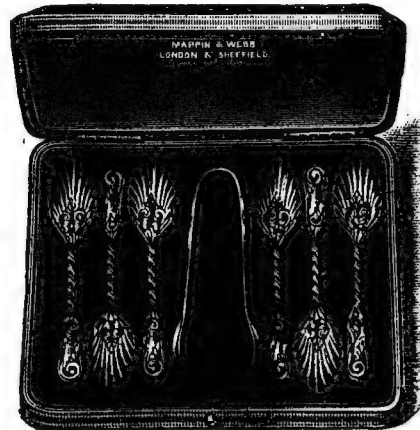
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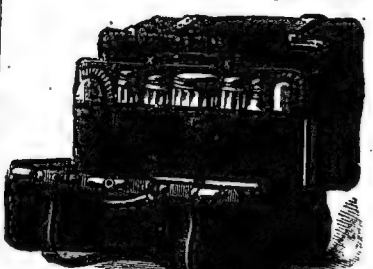
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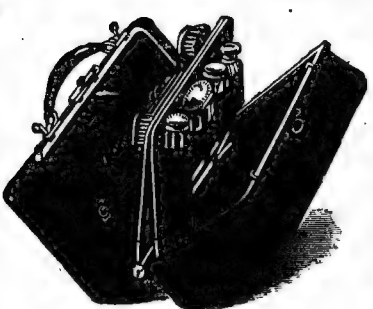
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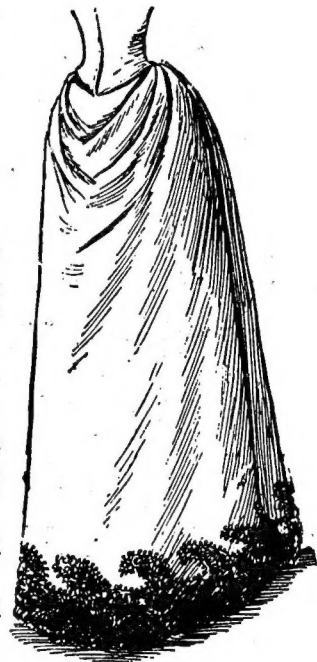
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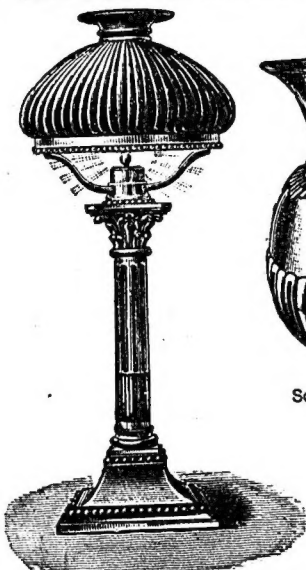


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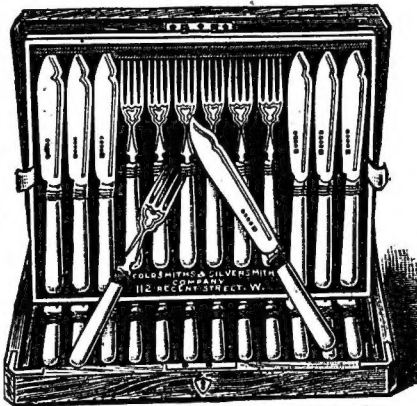
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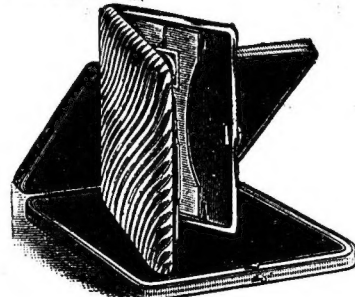
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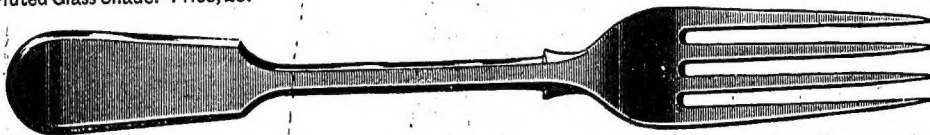
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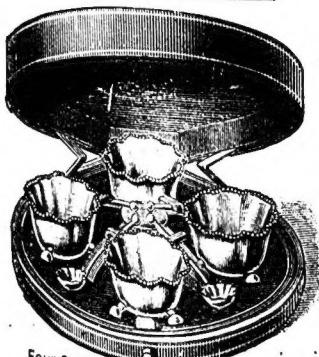
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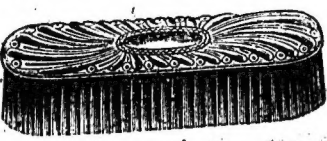


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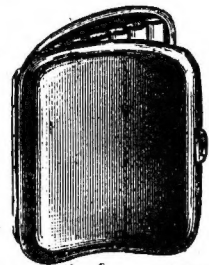


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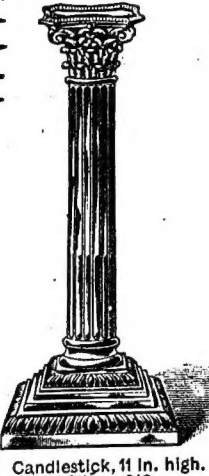
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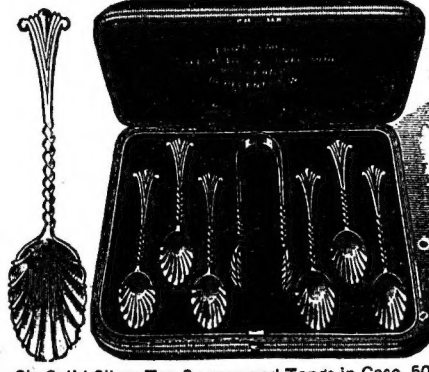
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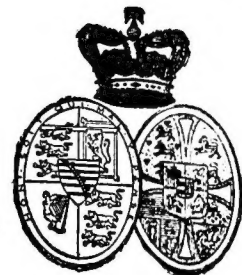
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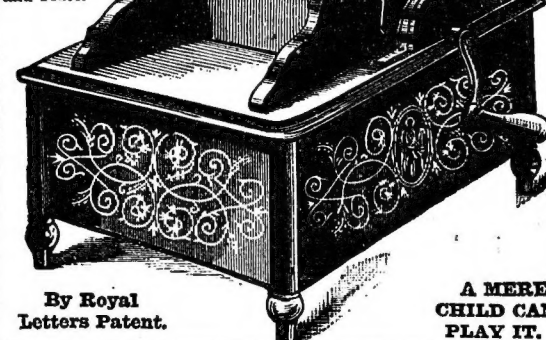
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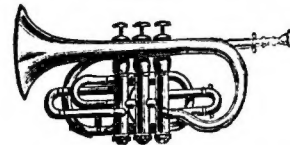
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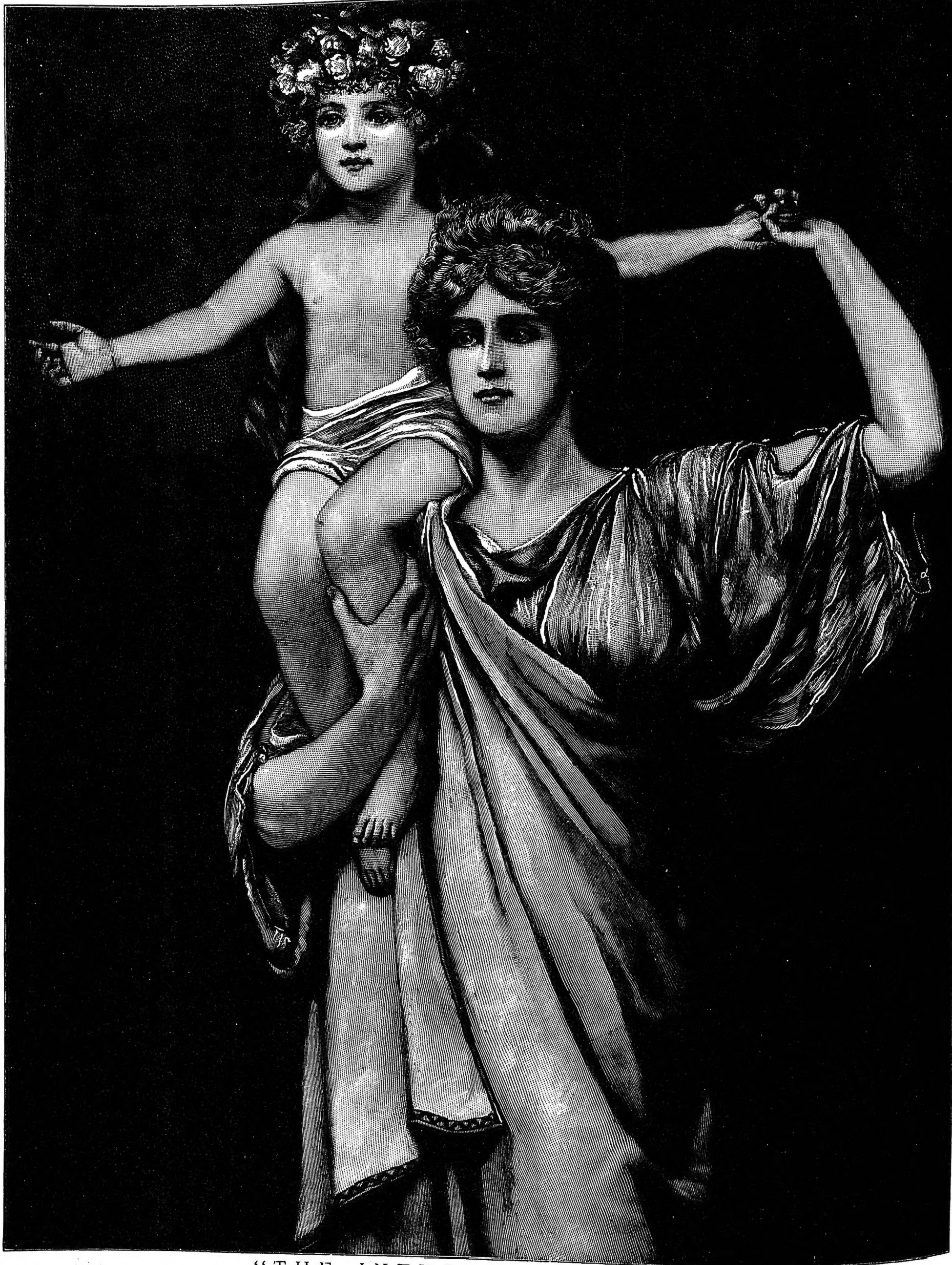
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